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ALICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

The old love came over me,
When I saw her in the hall,
And I only wished we were young again,
For a moment—that was all.
I saw the hair that used to curl
In ripples round her brow,
Was pushed from her temples pale and thin,
In a band of silver now

The lips that came in olden times
To kiss me at the door,
Were now wreathed with a matron's smile
Of welcome—nothing more
The eyes that I have often filled,
By one word, full of tears,
Were haughty in the gathered pride
Of four-and-forty years.

A fair boy lay upon her lap
With a head of flaxen curls,
And she heard the name of mother spoke
By a flock of rosy girls
Ah, me! a path was sadly missed,
Somewhere in the fleeting past,
And I have come to sigh for flowers
That might have bloomed at last.

I can only kiss the ruddy cheeks
Of her youngest, on my knee,
And feel that the sweetest way of life
Was forever closed to me
I can only look in his mother's eyes
With an aching, nameless pain,
And draw the folds of loneliness
About my heart again.

New Brighton, Pa.

Original Novelet.

ZILLAH: THE CHILD-MEDIUM.

A TALE OF SPIRITUALISM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

In her many lengthy rambles around Lyster, Rachel passed frequently an old ruined farm-house, whose quaint architecture as often excited her curious attention. It was built in true Dutch style, with deep, overhanging eaves, a peaked roof, and a veritably antique half door, ornamented by a most miraculous knocker in the shape of a lion's face, a huge brass ring depending from his nose. Around this building Rachel wandered sometimes for hours, using it as a sort of an apology for the decayed grandeur of certain old French chateaux, whose ruins from childhood it had been her desire to visit in some more satisfactory manner than in dreams.

The place was rich in choice kinds of shrubbery and hedges, almost as venerable as the house itself, and quite as injured by neglect. There was a picturesqueness about the spot which was quite novel in its way. Although nearly three miles from the Lodge, Rachel found her way there at least once a week. One day, as she neared her favorite haunt, she was surprised to see the door of the farmhouse standing wide open. A tall, dark woman lolled lazily on the threshold, and an unhealthy child was lying on the ground outside, rolling over and over on the soft grass. There was a look of recklessness, of daring even, in the woman's face, that did not particularly invite approach, or Rachel would have ventured to ask leave to go through the old house, the open windows indicating that such parts of it as were habitable were now uncloced and occupied.

In turning too suddenly, the child's leg doubled underneath its body; it uttered a sharp cry of pain, and stretched its little helpless hands towards its mother. Rachel had not as yet quite reached the doorway, and her surprise was great to see the woman merely glance at the little creature in stolid indifference, without making the slightest attempt to raise it from the grass. The poor, forlorn infant uttered another and shriller cry. Still the mother stirred not, but looked on its prostrate form with such a singular gleam of the eyes as Rachel had never seen before, and never desired to see again. It was terrible in its apathy, its hardened boldness.

"Do you not hear your child?" she exclaimed, indignantly. "How can you see it suffer, and do nothing to help it?"

She raised the moaning infant pityingly in her arms. In the struggle to free its twisted foot, the sprain in the rapidly swelling ankle must have taken place.

"Better leave the baby be, missus," said the woman, in a tone half-threat, half-insolence. "Ye'll get no good by troublin' me or mine, I reckon."

But the warm-hearted girl approached her, proffering the half-insensible boy; saying nothing, however, for her heart was so full that had she uttered one word, it would but have aggravated the rising passion of the wretched mother.

"Ay, ay, it's mighty fine of you, no doubt, to come a meddlin'. Put the boy down; I'll not take him from you. Put him down, I say."

Rachel laid the miserable, pallid baby at her feet, and turned to go, satisfied that she was where speech was worse than useless. But her black, expressive eyes spoke for her, for the woman said, fiercely,

"And for what do you look at me so? Haven't I a right to do with my own as I wish? Tell me no, if ye can!"

The child tossed and groaned from excessive pain.

"He will die, he is dying!" broke from Rachel, and never had she felt so deep a pity.

"And what of that?" she exclaimed, bitterly. "Ah, ye little know how I've cried to God to take him die; and now, when He needs me, shall I prevent? No, no! *better* to die and be rid of misery at once. What is the good of living to suffer starvation and learn sin; better to die, better to die!"

She stooped now, and took the babe in her lap, tears rolling down her face. Her words and actions had led Rachel to suppose that she was altogether hardened; and she was unprepared for any such display of feeling.

"Let me bathe that poor little foot," she said, and she dipped her handkerchief in a tin basin of water standing near the door. The poor mother did not repulse her even by a gesture; the child lay moaning helplessly across her knee, as Rachel gently rubbed the swollen ankle. Its hollow eyes were closed, and though low cries broke from it at intervals, it was seemingly unconscious of everything but its own physical torture.

The mother had been very beautiful, but hers was now a grim, stern face, in itself a history of her life. Poverty, despair and wickedness were stamped upon it in characters that stood out like writing. But, thank God, even in the desert flows fresh, blessed water!

When Rachel had done, the woman clasped the child closely to her breast.

"My poor baby, did I wish your death? Was I so cruel to want you to die before my eyes, and I not raising one finger to help you? My own child!"

Rachel followed her within the room. She placed the little babe on a rough bed in one corner, and turned towards her visitor with the humbly-spoken apology,

"I am sorry that I talked so to ye, miss. I hope ye'll forgive me. No one but the poor know what the poor has to suffer. You couldn't understand it if I was to tell ye what makes me so hard and cruel sometimes. I wish I was dead, I do."

"You should not say such shocking things, you should not think them."

"That's easy spoken," the dark, handsome creature said contemptuously. "What do you rich folks know about the poor?"

"A great deal, I hope," said Rachel, with warm earnestness, her eyes glittering as they always did when she was excited. "Each one has trouble and sorrow of his own. You must not suppose because a man has money that he is happy."

"Happy!" she echoed the words with startling energy, and an indignant gesture; "does the man with money *starve?*—does he see his children famishing before his eyes till he wishes them in their graves to be at rest? Happiness, happiness, it isn't *happiness* we ask, but *bread!* Oh, this slow starvation! little indeed you know of the poor, if you think we *dare* to dream of happiness. I say again I wish I was dead." I don't care what becomes of me. It's my opinion I wasn't sent here to lead such a life as this, so the sooner it's ended the better. If it hadn't been for little Pete, there, and Jeemes, I'd a killed myself long ago. I would I tell you."

She had worked herself gradually into great wrath. Rachel thought of a Fury as she looked at her black dishevelled hair and stormy face.

"How long have you lived here?" she asked, to divert her from her causeless anger; "it is a pleasant spot."

"Likely enough, ma'am. It's jist a week since Jeemes told me to come over, and it will be another I guess before he gets the chance to leave his work to see me and Pete again. He's a good husband as ever was, but then he drinks a little to drown care. Poor lad, who can blame him?"

"I hope you do not have to pay much rent. The house is too old and gone to ruin. I see the roof leaks, too."

"Rent?" she stared at Rachel in amazement, that had in it a fine touch of the dramatic; indeed the whole scene between the two was strongly marked with vehement individuality. "And ye really thinks it's Jeemes Hill as pays *rent*, with his poor wages and drinkin', too! We're squatters."

"What?"

"Squatters, ma'am. I came down here and bursted the door and walked in, ma'am, with my bed and furniture strapped to my back; poor enough furniture it is, too. *That's* squatting."

"Why, then, you may be turned away from here to-morrow."

"Very like," she said, coolly. "'Twouldn't be nothing strange to me. I've trampted at an hour's notice 'fore now." She wiped with her apron a bench, the only seat the room contained, and civilly asked Rachel to sit down. "It's not a decent place for a lady like you, but you're welcome."

"I am not a lady," Rachel said, smiling sunnily, as she saw little Pete sob himself fairly asleep. "I am only a poor teacher, living at St. Mary's Lodge."

"Well, now, it's strange, but I thought you looked like it. I was a teacher once myself."

"You?" Rachel repeated half abstractedly, wondering what there was about her that not only Mr. Godwin, but this woman also should guess so accurately her position.

"Yes, *me*. You needn't be so astonished. I know something as well as other folk. I was young and pretty then, and had a plenty scholars. I used to teach all sorts of learnin'—readin', writin', spellin', and geography. Grammar I set up to teach, but I didn't understand it myself much, so when the children asked questions that wasn't put down, I used to frown, and tell them to mind their books! So they never discovered how little I knew about it. But one day the directors, *they* came, and catechised me all manner of ways; and as I couldn't tell the answers, I had to give up the school. Jeemes happened along about that time, and I got married. Mother warned me it would be like jumping out of the frying' pan into the fire, and it has been. I have buried six children, miss, and it will not be long before the seventh goes, too. Starvation is rather depopulatin'."

She spoke with a cool bitterness that was dreadful to witness.

"I will come and see you to-morrow if you have no objections; meanwhile, will you take this, and buy whatever you like for my little friend Pete?"

Her eyes glistened as she took from Rachel the small silver coin. "Bread!" she exclaimed, smiling grimly. Very sick at heart the young girl left her, wondering how the day could be so bright, and the song of the birds so delicately sweet. Alas, great contrast had made the one far brighter, and the other more melodious than it had seemed a short half hour before. Ah, how many thousands of times has the soul of humanity echoed Burns's touching lines—

"How can ye sing, ye little birds,
And I so weary, fu' o' care!"

The next day, after school hours, Rachel went over to the old house again. The door and windows were closed, and to all appearance her acquaintance of the previous day had disappeared from the place. She stopped long enough to gather some of the tall box hedge to ornament her mantle shelf—on her way home striving very hard to forget that there are such things in this world as poverty and sin. She had not gone far, however, when she met Mrs. Hill herself bearing in her arms her little puny babe. She passed almost sullenly, with a short, "good day, miss."

"Good-day," answered Rachel, cheerfully. There was something in the woman's faded, mournful beauty, that awoke the desire to know more of her. Joining her, Rachel said,

"I have just been to the house, but found it shut."

"Ay!"

"Yes; I was sorry, for I wanted to see you. Have you been far?"

"Only to the doctor's, a bit of two miles, I guess."

"And you carried that heavy child all the way?"

"Ay, and for naught, too, 'cause the doctor sent down word that he never did gratis work for the poor; and I am back without seeing him. Oh, but bein' poor is the blackest curse in this world."

"How is Pete, Mrs. Hill? I hope he is no worse."

"His foot hurts him a deal, I think, for he groaned all night long in his sleep: Sick I was to hear it—and serve me right too, for lettin' my darlin' hurt himself. It was a bad day for him when he was born—better never see the light at all."

"Oh, Mrs. Hill, I am sure little Pete was not sent to you without a noble purpose. Try to think and believe so, and you will feel better. God works all things together for good!"

"Ay! the good is a long time comin'," she said sneeringly.

"It *will* come if you only trust to Him." Mrs. Hill stopped walking and abruptly faced her companion.

"Mistress, if you come a preachin', I may as well tell you first as last, that you have made a mistake in the person. I've had enough of that from the parson, and a right sneaking hypocrite he was too, that had a plenty of smooth words, but wouldn't give a crust to save a body from starving. Ah, didn't I shake my fist at him one day," she coupled her words with a practical illustration; "'and,' said I, 'parson,' said I, 'be off and know enough never to try to preach to empty stomachs again. Fill 'em first, and talk afterward.' I'm much obliged to you, miss, but I'd just as leaves you would save your breath too. Preachin' can't put bread in my mouth. Jeemes and me made up our minds long ago that it was all gammon, and so—ah, there's the lad now!"

With a shout of genuine heartfelt welcome, she ran toward a large, stout man, whom in the distance she saw sitting on the door-step of the old farm-house. As he received his wife in his muscular arms, bared to the elbow, Rachel heard him say with a cry of desperate despair,

"Ah, Nance, what *will* become of us *now*. I am out of work again!"

And for hours afterwards she heard those words ringing in her ears.

There was a balminess in the air as she walked homeward that infected Rachel with the spirit of idleness. Whenever a tempting bank of moss, or a wayside rock offered an inviting seat, she flung herself carelessly down, and appeared to forget that the sun was slowly sinking, and there was still a mile or two between her and the Lodge. On coming to an old and half ruined bridge that spanned a ravine, in which gurgled a little noisy brook, she paused and looked wistfully orer the rough railing with a touch of home-sickness, for the spot reminded her of Maplehurst. White speckles of foam and little glittering bubbles swept swiftly along its surface, as it flowed merrily onward—and the venerable forest trees that met over it in lofty arches, offered repose amid refreshing shadows. Conquering the temptation, she hurried on. It was dark when she reached the Lodge. The lamps were already lighted, and from many of the large windows poured a flood of pale light into the gathering darkness. Dismayed at her tardiness, Rachel was flying up the stairs to her room, when face to face she met Mrs. Griscomb, who, however, only nodded pleasantly, and said,

"You are late to-night."

"Yes," answered Rachel, "I am sorry. The day has been so uncommonly fine, I have been beguiled beyond my usual hour. It shall not occur again."

Instead of the expected grim rebuke, she gave a smile, and a cheerfully toned remark! Rachel was not as astonished at this as she might have been, for she had noticed lately the great good change that was working its spell on the beautiful proprietress of St. Mary's Lodge. Her son's illness seemed to have softened her nature. Refreshing dews had fallen on a dry, arid soil, and verdure was gradually appearing upon it. Never before had Mrs. Griscomb appeared so handsome—of such worth is kindness!

"How is William, to-night?" Rachel asked.

"Oh, *so* much better! He has been teasing to see you for the last three or four days, but I would not allow it, because your time is so arduously employed that every leisure moment must be dear to you."

"I will go to him for awhile some day, with pleasure," said Rachel, gratified at this consideration.

Mrs. Griscomb, nodded and smiled again, and was passing on, her simple white morning wrapper floating around her fine form with a careless grace that no art could have enhanced, when she said, looking over the bright flame of the lamp in her hand,

"Oh, I came near forgetting. There has been a visiter here, for you!"

"For me?"

The young girl's heart leaped. Thank God! there was *some one* who remembered her; another happy, discontented, desolate—she had still a friend!

"A gentleman, too; do you know that looks suspicious?" and as her lips parted in their silent laughter, revealing white, regularly formed teeth, Rachel thought her more beautiful than ever.

"Did he leave his name?" she managed to ask.

"Yes, but I forget it. He said he was coming again in an hour. This was some time ago. Perhaps he may be waiting for you in my reception-room at this moment."

"*Now!* who can it be?" she did not pause to hear more, but ran down stairs. Oh, the luxury of the thought that she had a *friend*, a friend who thought enough of her to follow her to Lyster! Reaching the reception-room, she threw the door eagerly open. It was very dusky, but she could see distinctly the figure of a gentleman standing by the centre-table, leaning upon it with one bent hand, while in the other he held aloft the skull, which he was regarding attentively.

Ah, even by that obscure light, she saw that he was tall, with long shaggy locks, and broad shoulders that she knew well; even by that obscure light she recognized Freeland Ogilvie. She had not dreamed that he was the visitor, and at her start of surprise he advanced hastily towards her.

"Is it you, Rachel, is it indeed you?"

"Yes, it is I. What can you want with me, Freeland Ogilvie? I thought we two were done with each other?" She spoke as she felt, bitterly, her slight nostrils dilating with pride.

"Ah, Rachel, Fate is Fate, and both of us must accept it. I cannot undo my destiny, however I may have tried to do so. Putting you from me makes you only more valuable in my eyes. In my blind rage I could have struck you from my heart forever, but the blow only recoiled on myself. I do not ask pardon, I scarcely expect it, I am content to wait until voluntarily you bestow it. Now that I have seen you, spoken with you, and confessed my weakness, I am satisfied, and relieved of a heavy burden. Recall me when you will, I only crave—*mercy*."

He took his hat from the table. Rachel made no attempt to detain him.

"Good night, Rachel."

"Good-night, Mr. Ogilvie."

He did not go, but stood looking at her through the accumulating gloom.

"Rachel, will you not give me a kind word to speed me on my way?"

"Certainly. Tell me what to say, and you shall see with what alacrity I will repeat it."

"Ah, well," he said, almost sadly, "I have had my answer," and he moved to the door. "Rachel," still lingering, "why do you not ask me to come again?"

"Who ever heard of Freeland Ogilvie allowing an invitation to sway him in his comings and outgoings? How did you leave my aunts?"

He looked relieved at the question, and answered quietly,

"In good health, yet wanting you to keep them brisk. The farm is let."

"Let?"

A sort of cry escaped her with the word, and she sat down unable to repress the startle the news gave her.

"My poor old home passed into stranger keeping!" she at length said faintly. "When do you return to Maplehurst?" All idea of farther coldness had flown completely from her mind.

"When I take you with me."

"Ah," cried Rachel, goaded into spirited reply by this symptom of returning despotism, "you have come then to settle in Lyster."

"What, Rachel, old malice peering out again? Do you know I always liked you for that, even when it provoked me most? Ah, little woman, little woman, the richest, rarest beauty could not make me care more for you. The harder I strive to rid myself of you the closer you fasten upon me."

"Thank you," said Rachel, carelessly smiling. The bell rang for tea.

"Rachel, will you walk with me to-morrow after your school is over?" Mr. Ogilvie asked earnestly. "I have much to say to you!"

She shook her head, but secretly longed for an opportunity for graceful concession.

"You must," he said almost harshly, returning unconsciously to his old dictatorial manner. But Rachel was near a partial disenchantment, and this "must" did not find her willing to bow to arbitrary government.

"I cannot," she said, closing her lips with a peculiar air of firmness that was growing habitual with her.

"Say rather you will not," was Mr. Ogilvie's stern answer.

"As you please."

He turned abruptly, coldly, and left the room. Rachel stood as he had left her, looking dreamily, wearily around, her proud head bent droopingly forward, her brow contracted, her hands clasped tightly one in the other. Soon a violent ring of the hall bell startled her, and the color deepened on her cheeks, as she heard Mr. Ogilvie's voice say to the servant who opened the door,

"For Miss Ollo."

Immediately Hannah entered the room with a small package in her hand. Rachel burst the string, unrolled the wrappings with feverish haste, and opening the small inlaid box, cast a glance at the beautiful mass of pearls set in mourning jet which it contained. The servant stood gaping in stupid amazement as she saw the young girl crush to the lid of the box, and without a word of explanation, past hurriedly into the hall, and thence to the front garden. Mr. Ogilvie was just closing the gate when Rachel impetuously joined him. Here was no nature to shrink from humbling itself in an acknowledgement of wrong. Mr. Ogilvie scarcely seemed to recognise her, so unexpected was her appearance, as, proffering the jewels, she said,

"I cannot take them from you. Forgive me, I was wrong, and will walk with you whenever you wish."

He looked down upon her in completely restored good humor, saying,

"Ah, I have had the kind word after all!"

But he did not touch the jewels.

"Will you not keep them and wear them for my sake?"

"I cannot, indeed I cannot. It would sting me to look at them. Your revenge was nobility itself."

Before he could detain her, she had cast the box towards him and turned towards the Lodge.

Having entered, as she stooped to fasten the door-bolts, her sad, plain face lighted up with the consciousness of having obtained a victory over herself, Mrs. Griscomb and Mr. Godwin descended the stairs, and the former bidding Mr. Godwin a courteous "good-evening," entered the dining room. When Rachel rose from fastening the bolts, she saw Mr. Godwin standing at her side, crumpling a small note in his hands, which she had no difficulty in recognizing as her own, an accurate copy of the first, which she had only the night before deposited on his table.

"How could you write me an answer as stinging and cruel as this?" he said bitterly, holding it up to view. "Did I deserve it—had I been insolent or presuming, that you must crush me with one dull blow? Was the offering of the greatest, noblest compliment a man may give a woman, only worthy to be rewarded by cold satire?"

She stood silent, one hand resting on the door-knob, the other hanging listlessly at her side; indeed her whole appearance betokened apathy and indifference; there was not even the usual indignant flush upon her face that was the signal of displeasure at all things that wounded pride or provoked resentment. Any one who had seen her five minutes before, would scarcely have known her. Then she had been all fire, all vitality, now she looked fatigued, worn, depressed.

"Tell me," he continued, "in what I have offended, that I may repair my fault—but do not cast at me words like these," and he indicated the note.

"I cannot marry you," she said wearily, yet serenely lifting her eyes, "and in justice to both of us, I have told you so in that note. I regret that it displeases you, but I could scarcely hope that it could create other than dissatisfaction. Some day you will recognize my perfect right to act as I have, if you do not now."

She went to the door of the tea room as though to signify the conclusion of the interview.

"You are cruel," Mr. Godwin said vehemently, "you are unkind—unwomanly—no one but yourself who are unlike the rest of the world in your passions and your goodnesses, would have so written!"

It was strange to see the deliberate restraint under which Rachel's evident anger at these words seethed harmlessly. If she were ever beautiful she was so then, as, erect, silent, almost statuesque in the extreme repose of limb and feature, Christian discipline triumphed over the natural tempestuousness of her disposition.

"Perhaps I deserve this," she said, half sadly; and slightly bowing, reached her hand to open the door, when it was moved from within, and Mrs. Griscomb stood on the threshold before them. Nothing could be more changed than the expression of her face.

"You are wanted at table," she said coldly. The young girl colored, and entered the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;

OR,

THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

About the middle of the week, Mrs. Malmaison gave a party to the young people of the neighborhood, and invited, among others, Genevieve from the Convent, and Blaise and Helen Wildman from Red Hill. When the invitation arrived for Vivia, the Abbess, who had in the meantime recovered self-command enough to inform the young girl of the impending change in her prospects, said to her, in a voice that she vainly attempted to render steady and cheerful,

"You will see Austin, Mrs. Malmaison's—*heir*, at this ball, my dear child; notice carefully how he looks, how he talks, and whether he seems strong in health, and intelligent and good—so that you may be able to bring me word."

"I will do so, dear Mother, and I will come home early to-morrow morning, for I grudge every hour I spend from you since you tell me I must leave you on Monday. But, must it really be so? Remember, no power but your own shall send me from you."

"Yes, it must be so, my Genevieve! this lady has a claim upon you which I have no power to withstand, nay, that I must support, and it is *I* that bid you go."

"Well, dearest Mother, since it must be so, I will write you every week, and when I shall be of legal age to act for myself, I will come back and remain with you so long as we both shall live."

"I will not allow you to bind yourself by any promise, my child! Only remember that I beg you always to write to me freely about Austin, but do not wonder if, in my letters back, I omit all mention of the youth's name."

"I will follow your directions very carefully, dearest Mother."

Here the conversation ended.

The party at Mount Storm was as pleasant as a party could be that was almost improvised at that season. It was held all over the house and grounds. And the young people danced in the saloon, took refreshment in the dining-room, or strolled out in couples and in trios over the moonlit lawn and through the shrubberies. As soon as Vivia arrived and missed her friend Theodora, she flew up into the attic, where she found the girl sitting at the window, and watching with interest the groups of young people on the lawn.

"It is an enlivening scene, dear Genie," said Theodora, smiling, as she got up to embrace her friend.

"Yes, it is. Come down with me, and join it."

"Oh, I don't like to. I don't know anybody there, you know, and my dress it not fit," said Theodora.

"I can prepare you one," said Vivia.

Then the old chest was overhauled, and a sprigged muslin frock that had belonged to Miss Garland was taken out, and Vivia's nimble fingers, with the aid of needle and thread, soon tucked it up and took it in, while Theodora ran down stairs to beat an iron to press it out. When Theodora was dressed in this frock, Vivia took half the rose-colored ribbons from her own hair and adorned the head of her friend, and then gaily bade her notice that they were both dressed alike.

And then they went down stairs, and out upon the lawn. As they wandered about together, many joyous young creatures sprang to greet Vivia, and to all of them she introduced her friend Theodora. And many of the youths in turn vied for the honor of her hand in the first dance; but Vivia replied to all that she should not dance in the early part of the evening, and perhaps she should not dance at all. Presently, at a turn in their walk, they came upon Mrs. Malmaison and her son Austin. They made a beautiful pair. Vivia thought so the instant she saw them, while Theodora gazed at them both in the fixed yet unconscious way she had when absorbing from any object all the beauty and inspiration she could draw. Austin was of a fine, tall, slender, yet well rounded figure, with a stately head covered with a profusion of sunny, bright-brown ringlets like those of Vivia, with pure Grecian features, and pale and clear complexion; but whose eyes were those? those large, dark shadowy eyes of such unfathomable depths of mournfulness? and in such strange, sorrowful contrast to his youthful grace and beauty?

When Vivia first saw those eyes she started, and her face flushed and paled, and flushed again, as under the sudden light of a new discovery.

And when Theodora first met their deep, mournful gaze, some profound and hitherto unknown point of sympathy in her own heart was touched, and she felt vaguely but earnestly that she could give up all her own little life's dearest joys to make that other life happy; she dropped her shy eyes directly, but she still seemed to see and feel that mournful gaze that was drawing her very soul from her bosom. All this passed in the few seconds that Mrs. Malmaison was advancing, and presenting—

"My son, Mr. Malmaison, young ladies. Miss Laglorieuse, who is your friend?" she asked, while Austin was bowing to the girls.

"Mrs. Throgmorton's niece Theodora, who lives in the same house with you," said Vivia in great surprise, which did not however, exceed that of the lady, though the latter betrayed none, only saying,

"Indeed," and then adding, "I must leave Austin to entertain your friend while I take a turn with you, Genevieve. Shall I do so?"

"I thank you, madame, yes," said Vivia, taking the offered arm of the lady, and walking off with her.

"Genevieve, this is the first time we have met since I left you at the Convent, after taking leave of Father Francis some six years ago."

"Yes, madame."

"Yet you are aware, I suppose, that I am your only legal guardian?"

"I have been lately told so, madame."

"It was at the earnest solicitation of the Abbess that I left you at the Convent to be educated during the last six years; but now I think the time has arrived when you should be initiated into the manners and customs of society outside those walls. Therefore I have concluded to remove you and take you with me to the city—the Abbess has mentioned this to you before?"

"Yes, madame, she has. May I ask you without offence, lady, how it comes that you are my legal guardian?"

"Assuredly," said Mrs. Malmaison, quietly, "you are my niece."

"Then, aunt, will you tell me something of my parents?"

"Tell me first, how much you know of them?"

"Only this—that my father died before I lived, and that my mother went to Heaven the same hour that I was born."

"Do you know who they were?"

"No, lady; what I have told you, I learned from my first guardian, Father Francois Laglorieuse, who was also my uncle; although such relationships are ignored, you know, by those vowed to the altar; therefore I call him only my spiritual guardian. He told me what I have told you, and that I should learn more from you."

"Have you ever asked Mother Agatha the questions you have put to me?"

"No, madame."

"Then I refer you to her for all information."

"Lady, I never could speak to her upon this subject."

"Why?"

"I cannot tell you!"

"Then I cannot tell you more of your parents than this—that you bear the name of only one of them."

While this conversation was going on in one part of the lawn, Austin Malmaison had drawn Theodora's arm within his own, and led her down one of the althea walks. The pale, sweet face of this little creature, so different from all the bright young faces around, had interested him at the first sight.

"Did I hear Miss Laglorieuse say that you are staying at Mount Storm?" he asked, as doubting the evidence of his senses.

"Oh yes, it is my home," she replied.

"And I have been here a week—how is it that I have not seen you?" Austin inquired, in a tone gentler even than his usual gentle one, as if to smooth any possible rudeness in the question.

Theodora did not reply, and of course he did not press the inquiry. But after a few minutes Theodora said—

"Since you have been here I have been so very busy with my pictures."

"You paint, then?—but excuse me, I am asking you a great many questions."

"Oh—do—" Theodora began, and then blushing, hesitated. The youth looked down at her delicate face, with its downcast eyelashes sweeping the pale cheek, and thought it the very sweetest face he had ever beheld.

"You were going to say, Theodora—" he began.

"Oh, only that you must not mind asking me

anything you wish to know. I shall be very glad to tell you," she replied in a low voice.

"Thank you, Theodora. Do you mind my calling you Theodora? It is such a beautiful name, of such holy significance as to be a title in itself."

"Oh! no, every one calls me so," she said, in the same low voice.

"Well, then, Theodora, you paint?"

"Yes, a great deal, but not very well; I have had no instructor."

"Except the original great master! the oldest of all old masters—God in Nature!"

Theodora's cheek suddenly flushed, her eyes lightened, and her whole countenance beamed as with the pure electric fire of a glorious inspiration. And Austin, gazing with veiled admiration, thought what a beautifully changeful face it was. He felt very much interested in her, and wished to know her condition, who and what she was exactly, and the reason of her seclusion in the midst of the family; but he hesitated, notwithstanding her expressed permission, and the humility and simplicity of her character, that would not have taken offence at the act, to ask her any questions except upon the subject of her art.

"I would like very much to see some of your pictures if that were permissible, Theodora," he said.

"Oh, indeed, they are not worth looking at. I do not say it as words of course, but because it is true; even I, that paint them, get the heart-ache with looking at their faults," said Theodora, in sudden alarm, raising her eyes deprecatingly to his.

Austin smiled brightly on her at this ingenuous speech, and Theodora cast down her eyes again; but still saw in her soul the beautiful smile that made his face as radiant as inspiration had rendered Theodora's own.

Thus they walked and talked, while in still another part of the garden walked Basil Wildman and his sister Helen. Helen was now about sixteen years of age, and had grown up almost beautiful; so nearly so that many people said that Helen Wildman had just escaped being the most beautiful girl in the state; while many others thought she had not missed it at all. She was of medium height, with slender figure, lithe, agile and graceful in all its motions as that of a gazelle or a French danseuse; with an elegant little head of shining jet black hair parted over her forehead, like two folds of black satin, rolled in a knot, and fastened with a silver crown at the nape of her neck; with eyebrows black and glossy as water leeches, and long, close, black eye lashes, that veiled large eyes of every imaginable shade and color, as passion, imagination, fancy, or any other quality or emotion of heart or mind affected them; fine eyes that flashed or smouldered, but never melted; with a complexion as dark as an Anglo-Celt's could be, and only warmed in the cheeks and lips with a rich, brilliant glow, caught from the woods and fields, among which her life was passed. Whether Helen were beautiful or not, she had all the beauty of the family—no share of it had fallen to the lot of Blaise—poor, good-hearted, ill-taught Blaise. He was now about twenty-two years of age, tall and awkward, with large hands and feet, and a large head, covered with a thatch of stiff, red hair, that nothing could persuade to lie down; with a coarse, freckled face, with a forehead so flat, that the bump of benevolence above it looked like a "bump" indeed, that had been received by accident in a fall, or by a blow; with a large, short, stumpy nose, a long upper lip, a shapeless mouth, and a square, protruding under jaw; and lastly, with pale, blue eyes, with their lower lids seeming larger than the upper ones, and having the appearance of shutting upwards. Added to which personal attractions his manners were rough, and the best tones of his voice a good natured growl.

"I wish the dancing would commence! I do no! I am tired to death of this lazy sauntering about," said Helen impatiently, stopping and throwing herself down upon a garden seat.

"Well, it will begin soon," said Blaise, standing before her. This brother and sister had always been inseparable companions and confidential friends. And now, as Blaise stood before Helen, he lowered his growl to a very confidential tone, as he said, "Nell! look over yonder at those two walking up the althea walk."

"I see them! the young man is the lion of all this entertainment, and for that very reason the very fellow I mean to lead off the first dance with."

"S'pose he don't ask you?"

"Suppose I make it impossible for him to avoid asking me?"

"Why how can you do that?"

"Ah! that's the secret that the serpent taught Eve, and Eve bequeathed to all her daughters—do you think I am going to be the first female to let it out? no, sir!"

"Well, never mind the young man, I know him. I have not forgotten Austin Malmaison; but look at that sweet, quiet, gentle little pale faced creature on his arm?"

"That? oh! the poor little miserable! that's Theodora, Mrs. Throgmorton's niece; Theodora, who believes in saints and angels, and that sort of trumpery; and among the common people in this world hasn't pluck enough to say her soul's her own!" said Miss Helen, scornfully.

"She's not a bit like you, Nell! that's a fact! I like the little creature! I do, indeed; it makes me feel sort o' good and warm about the heart, sort o' religious, you know, to look at her sweet, little pale face and drooping eyelids."

"Don't be a fool, Blaise."

"But I say, Nell! indeed you know I feel as if that little mite of a creature was some kin to me—and I never saw her before to-day," persisted Blaise.

"Now, I wonder if I have all the sense as well as all the good looks in the family!" inquired Miss Helen, with a sneer.

"'Good looks!' burn my buttons! why, has anybody been putting it into your head that you have good looks? Why you are no more good-looking than a thorn apple, a nettle, or prickly pear, or anything else that one gets out of the way of."

"I should like to know what you call good-looking, then!" exclaimed Miss Helen; "yourself, I suppose."

"Well, yes, I hope I am not ill-looking, but if you want to know what I call real good-looking, look there at that sweet little creature! She's real good-looking—that is if good-looking means looking good!"

Helen tossed her beautiful head disdainfully as Blaise continued to watch the young couple.

"I say, Nell! but by George! he's very sweet with her!" exclaimed Blaise.

"He's a fool!" said Nelly, "a downright, unmitigated *fool*, to be wasting his time on such a little miserable when—"

—"You are on the ground? hey, Nell?"

Helen laughed. While they spoke Austin led Theodora to a seat near them, and sat down by her side.

"I say, Blaise, I'll tell you what I'll do," said Helen, "and mind you attend and be guided by my wisdom. I'll take you up to Theodora and introduce you. Of course, Mr. Malmaison seeing me standing, will get up and offer me *his* seat beside Theodora. I will thank him and take it. You then ask Theodora to dance, for the sets are going to form. Now Theodora *never* dances, so she will refuse you, as she has no doubt already refused Mr. Malmaison."

"Well, but if she refuses me, what good to ask her?"

"What a stupid! because that will oblige Mr. Malmaison standing right before us and looking at me, to ask me if from nothing but politeness. I shall accept the invitation, and you will remain tete-a-tete with little Theodora the whole evening, if you choose, for if the heir escape me, then Eve has disinherited one daughter of her secret. Come!"

The brother and sister arose and went towards the young couple who were the objects of their machinations. And the plan of Helen succeeded so well that in a few minutes she found herself leaning on the arm of Mr. Malmaison, at the head of the leading quadrille, while Blaise was left to terrify little Theodora with his uncouth figure and ugly face, and well meant but blundering attentions. And this lasted all the evening, for Austin Malmaison did *not* escape the thraldom of his beautiful enslaver.

Vivia remained all night, and early the next morning set off on foot for the Convent, keeping along the course of Mad river, under the shadow of the mountain, until she reached Red Ridge, the home of the Wildmans, where she turned into the farm-yard and went up to the house. It was still so early that she found none of the family stirring, except old Mrs. Wildman, who uttered an exclamation of pleasure as Vivia entered.

"I called this morning to take leave of you, Mrs. Wildman. I am going away with Mrs. Malmaison; but I wish to leave with you this comfort—that I had a talk with Austin last evening, and told him all your struggles; and he promised me that as soon as he should reach his majority, he would let you have the farm at the price his father had agreed with you upon, and refund to you all the money that his guardian has made you pay over and above your rate of rent in his father's time."

"You blessed angel! it is you I have to thank for this," said the old lady, warmly grasping her two hands.

"Not at all, it is Austin, and I will tell him how happy he has made you! And now good-bye! I shall see you again in the spring," exclaimed Vivia, kissing the old lady, and running off. When she reached the Convent gate, she found Wakefield Brunton sitting on the steps of the porter's lodge studying his lesson, but in a very despondent attitude.

"Good-morning, Wakefield; how are you getting on?" said Vivia, cheerfully.

"Sadly enough, Miss Genevieve," replied the youth, rising and bowing.

"Why, how is that?"

"I have to stay away from school, and hire out every day that I can get a day's labor; besides that, I have to do the hardest part of the house-work, and all the garden-work. It leaves me scarcely any time for study," said the youth discontentedly.

"Yet, with all your hindrances, you are very far advanced for one of your age! Wakefield, take courage! better days are just dawning for you. I was talking with Austin Malmaison last evening, about a primary school for boys here. He was interested in the plan, he is so sympathetic and generous; and he has promised that he will have a cheap school-house built for the present, and employ a young man who will be able to teach for the small salary of three hundred dollars a year, which he will pay out of his allowance until he comes of age, when he will be able to enlarge the plan. And Wakefield, I spoke to him of you, and he authorized me to say that you should have the place, if you wished it. The school-room will be built immediately, and the school opened as soon as it is finished."

To understand the joy this gave, you should have seen the youth's beaming face, and dancing, radiant eyes, that soon melted into tears, as he said—

"How much I have to bless you for!"

"No—it is Austin, that you and many others will have to bless—now, Wakefield, good-bye! I am going away on Monday. I shall probably be gone all the autumn and winter, but I shall see you again in the spring, and when I come back I shall find you quite a person in authority."

"Going! are you going away! you!" exclaimed the youth anxiously.

"Yes, Wakefield, I am going with Mrs. Malmaison to the city."

"And with Austin—he is high born, he is wealthy, he is handsome and accomplished, and—and—you have great power with him," cried the youth, falteringly, uneasily.

Vivia held out both her hands to him, saying—

"Yes, Wakefield, that is all true—he is my cousin—my *first* cousin you know, which is only one remove from a brother."

"Oh! oh! is he!" exclaimed the other with irrepressible satisfaction.

"Yes," said Vivia severing one sunny curl from her head—"here Wakefield, keep this in memory of me, until I come back in the spring," and ere the boy could thank her, she put it in his hand with a smile, and ran away.

Vivia entered the private parlor of the Abbess, whom she found, as usual, at her reading and writing table.

The lady arose and opened her arms, and the young girl flew fondly to the offered embrace, and even while they stood thus, the Abbess looking down fondly upon the bright head resting against her own dark draped bosom, Vivia spoke—

"I have scarcely known Austin a day, dear Mother, yet feel as if the time had never been when I was not as intimate with him as now.—And that is because Austin embodies all those fine old ideals of excellence in poetry and fable with which I have lived familiarly all my life. Perhaps that was the reason also why I possessed the magic key that opened every chamber in the temple of Austin's glorious spirit. I saw all the treasures of his soul. The genuineness of none I doubted, the strength of some I proved. He is enthusiastic, generous, and unselfish, to a romantic degree. He is everything that his most excellent friend could wish him. We shall have great joy in our Austin, Mother! Come, sit down in your chair; let me sit at your feet and tell you what your Austin is about to do!"

"*My* Austin!" exclaimed the Abbess, in surprise and alarm.

Vivia closed the lady's pale and quivering lips with a kiss like a sacred pledge of confidence; and gently urged her into her easy chair, and sat down upon the rug at her feet; and resting her bright head against her lap, began and related all the generous and benevolent intentions of Austin; while the dark-eyed Abbess listened with her heart.

For the few days that they continued to pass together, Vivia cheered the spirits of the despondent lady, and brightened all the future to her hopes.

In the meantime, Austin, at Mount Storm, had not failed to improve his acquaintance with the little, delicate, fawn-eyed girl that he had met the previous evening, and had found so interesting. He gained Theodora's confidence, and persuaded her to let him see some of her paintings; and he gradually drew her on to speak, shyly, of her artist hopes and aspirations. And he gained her promise to paint for him a picture, the subject of her own selection, for a Christmas gift. And next he gained her permission to select and send to her some fine engravings. He coaxed her out to walk also, and guided her timid footsteps up the loftiest heights of the mountains to the nearly inaccessible but finest points of view. The new friendship springing up between Austin and Theodora excited only a transient surprise, and all uneasiness was quelled by the reflection:—"Oh, it is nothing but compassion that actuates Austin. It was the same principle in Genevieve's conduct. Both pity the poor little thing, and she is only a child."

And so a few golden days passed—days of deep and earnest interest to the young man's heart; days of new, sweet, strange joy to the gentle girl's life.

And then came the day of departure. And Mrs. Malmaison's superb travelling carriage, occupied by that lady's self, Vivia and Austin, and followed by a second vehicle containing the servants and the baggage, set off from Mount Storm en route for the city.

And in one month from that day, the Doctor, Mrs. Throgmorton, and Miss Garland accepted an invitation from Mrs. Malmaison, and left Mount Storm for a visit of some weeks. And Theodora was left alone with the servants who were in charge of the old mansion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$2,50 if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent to the city or one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5,00 a year.
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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ The novel is declined.

☞ "We have been friends together." If this favorite old song had been copied correctly, we should be more disposed to reprint it. We do not admire the mutilated version of it which our correspondent, by some curious hallucination, mistakes for a poetic effusion of his own brain.

J. L. B. Your articles are not without merit, but anything in that style should be *first-rate*. Those deviations from good English are only endurable when decidedly and brilliantly witty.

T. J. H. We have received your warmly appreciative tribute to Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, but having already inserted in the Post one memorial of that lamented lady and distinguished authoress, we think it superfluous to publish another.

"The Choice." The interest of this story turns upon true principles, and the sketch has some merit; but the author has not cultivated her literary talents sufficiently to write for the press. By taking a less hackneyed subject, also, she would be more likely to succeed.

RAILWAYS IN CITY STREETS.

This is a subject upon which many of our citizens have been greatly exercised—both in mind and body—of late. Let us venture a few suggestions upon it.

In the first place, it is not very wise to take a positive position, either for or against such railways, until you have examined the matter a little. A railway is suggested in certain streets—whereupon a large number of the residents of said streets, at once take sides vehemently for or against the proposition; when probably in nine cases out of ten, they have not instituted the least examination into the subject.

Now it seems to us that it would be wise policy, when such suggestions are made, for those whose property is to be affected by them, to convene a general meeting to consider the matter. Let there be the fullest liberty of discussion—and, if there be not enough facts produced before the meeting, let a committee be appointed to visit New York, for instance, and ascertain what are the practical workings of such roads, both in wide and in narrow streets. Whether they have had any effect upon the value of property, either to increase or to lessen it—and how they affect the comfort and convenience of those living along the route. Upon the report of facts by such a committee—and everything would depend upon said committee being composed of men of undoubted integrity and intelligence—a wise judgment could be formed in the case.

But certainly we have had enough in Philadelphia, of that kind of folly which opposes a new thing merely because it is new.

Will it be believed by the young men of the present day, that the introduction of the Schuylkill water was opposed with the greatest virulence! It was averred that the pipes would be continually bursting under the pressure, that the cellars would be flooded, and that property-holders would be ruined. Such were the dismal forebodings of certain gentlemen, that one might have thought they certainly apprehended nothing better than to waken up some fine morning, and find the whole city floating down the river Delaware. Said one of the two originators of the Water Works, "I really felt in danger of being mobbed in the streets;"—and all for a philanthropic endeavor to furnish an ample supply of pure fresh water in the yard and bath-room of every housekeeper!

But, fortunately, the good sense of the majority of the people prevailed over these forebodings of distempered imaginations—the hydrant water was introduced—and the scourge of yellow fever washed away, as we fervently trust, forever.

And, in our own time, so it was with the introduction of Gas. The gas was to kill all the trees, suffocate all the people, and blow up and consume all the houses. Without pausing to inquire into the effects of the introduction of gas in European cities, the alarmists at once plunged into reckless opposition. But Mr. Merrick was sent to Europe, and returned with a report completely exploding these idle fears—and the gas was introduced into Philadelphia, without, as yet, killing the shade trees, or poisoning all the fish in the two rivers, or suffocating the inhabitants, or lessening the price of property, or consuming all the houses.

Of course it does not follow from what we have said, that every new thing that is proposed would really be a benefit. But it does follow that *sensible* men will not rush at once into the denunciation of propositions which they have not fairly investigated. If, after a thorough weighing of the facts of the case, and of the experience of other cities, any reader of the Post should come to the conclusion that railways and cars were not to be preferred in a city to omnibuses, we should not have a word to say in ridicule of him. But men who, after the experiences of this city in relation to Water and Gas, rush blindly into a similar opposition to Railways, are deserving only of ridicule.

As to our own opinion, we confess we are as yet undecided. We have ridden to-be-sure in the cars in New York, and found them much more convenient than the omnibuses—but as to the adaptability of railways to streets of the usual width, we know too little to form an intelligent judgment. In a street of the width of Broad street, *with the rails properly laid*, we are not able to perceive how they could prove much of an obstruction—but whether in streets like Fifth and Sixth, they would prove more or less in the way than the omnibuses, we at present are unable to give a well-considered opinion.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

A London physician, Dr. McCormac, has written a treatise "On the Nature, Treatment, and Prevention of Pulmonary Consumption, with a Demonstration of the Cause of the Disease." The Westminster Review, while dissenting from the views set forth, endorses him as "a physician of large experience and extensive practical information, of various reading, and of highly cultivated mind." The gist of his doctrine is this—

"Consumption and scrofula, in all essentials, are one; tubercle, in its varied protean guises, is but the result of a deterioration of the blood, of the retention of excretions, carbonaceous, and other impurities in the blood, where they have no business to remain. In consequence of the imperfect performance of the respiratory functions, these impurities accumulate. The time at length comes round when they must be got rid of; if not during and through the act of respiration, perforce otherwise. The result is their deposition, as an inorganic matter, in the form of tubercles in the lungs, and other organs, these, saving the diffusion of tuberculous blood, being perchance, in other respects, sound. A dead matter is deposited in the tissues; that which should be thrust aside—shovelled out, as it were—is detained within the organization. These all-important facts *being positively determined*, the cause and radical cure—in short, the prevention of consumption and scrofula, with all their concomitant ravages, are placed as absolutely as small-pox itself has been placed, within human control. There need now be no more consumption, no more scrofula; and diseases which have actually advanced as civilization itself has advanced, henceforth, now and for ever, may be set aside."

This chimes in with our own views of the importance of full respiration. The stomach does not hunger more for food, than the lungs for pure, life-sustaining air; but people half the time do not understand the craving, or the penalty of denying it. If they did they would hasten with the same eagerness to gratify the one as the other. Almost every one has felt the exhaustion consequent upon bending over work of any kind in a close room. This is the faintness of the starved lungs. When respiration is performed imperfectly, both from a constrained position and an ill-ventilated room, the blood stagnates for want of the vitalizing element in fresh air, the humors that quick circulation would carry off, accumulate, and the seeds of disease are sown.

Another thing that people are apt to forget is to maintain a proper correspondence between the kind of life they lead and the food that they eat. If your employment is a sedentary one, do not eat pork and butter and gravy and pastry and fine bread as if you were a backwoodsman. How can you expect your digestive functions to do as much work with their slight stimulation as those of the farmer, the hunter, the day-laborer, whose every breath gives a vigorous impetus to the vital current? You cannot choose your circumstances, but you can proportion the quality and amount of your food strictly to the outdoor exercise you are able to take. You will not be as strong as those who live a life of activity and freedom, but you may escape disease, which is surely a great thing. There is a good deal of nonsense talked about nourishing food. Rich food is strengthening only when it meets a want in the system; otherwise it is a source of disease. We in America hardly know how to use the overflowing abundance of good things poured out for us from the bountiful hand of Providence. We need line upon line, precept upon precept, on the virtues of abstinence, temperance, moderation. Dr. Hall has inscribed upon his Journal in capital letters this motto:

"PEOPLE TAKE TOO MUCH MEDICINE AND TOO LITTLE EXERCISE.

THEY CONSUME TOO MUCH FOOD, AND TOO LITTLE PURE AIR."

This is laying down the law as a doctor should. We like to see such colors flying from a periodical conducted by a physician. We fully believe those errors to be the secret cause of three-fourths of the prevalent ill health; more complained of among women because they are so situated as to feel the penalty of transgression more heavily. How often we hear people say, "I have a headache—it comes from biliousness. I must take salts;" and we feel sure that if they could be persuaded to take instead a course of callisthenics and draughts of pure air ad libitum, they would thenceforth "throw physic to the dogs."

QUERIES.—E. J. W. asks "if we can find among our lady subscribers, any one who is economist enough to make custards without eggs." She says, "I saw a receipt once for that purpose." This sounds very queer to us—the making of custards without eggs—something very much like the making of bread without flour—but we put the question as desired. Probably she does not mean "cold custard."

Mr. J. K. wishes to know "the best cure for big head in horses."

A CHALLENGE.—We call attention to Messrs. Randall & Jones's advertisement of their Patent Double Hand Planter, which throws down the gauntlet to the proprietors of all other planters, to meet them and make trial of their respective machines.

ERNEST LINWOOD.—The publishers state that twenty thousand copies of this last production of Mrs. Hentz's have been published in four weeks. *See advertisement.*

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

MESSRS EDITORS:—I was to-day surprised at receiving your invaluable paper, the Saturday Evening Post, in an entirely new form and dress; but most *agreeably* surprised, for I am much, in fact, greatly pleased with the change, though I am not one of those who suggested or solicited it. I was so well pleased with the Post *as it was*—it was so good a paper—that I did not think it could be bettered in any way. But *excelsior* is your motto, I perceive. And I have no doubt but that every one of your readers will be as well pleased with the change as I am, when they come to try it awhile.

Now as it will cause you a heavy additional expense—$500 per month, or $6,000 per year—I propose to your subscribers, everywhere, all over the country, to make a strong effort, every one of them, to raise your list to ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS—to take a "strong pull, a long pull, and a pull altogether," in order to procure just as many additional subscribers as possible. Let *every* subscriber determine to add at least *another* to your list—do it—and the work is done! Gentlemen and ladies, one and all, will you do it? A CONSTANT READER.

March 17th, 1856.

We are thankful to our Kentucky friend for his warm interest in the Post, and his very practical suggestion—to which, of course, we shall be the last to interpose any obstacle. Our part, however, is done, and doing—which is to give our friends a paper that both for quality and quantity, is, we think, unsurpassed in this country. If our subscribers choose to increase our list to one hundred thousand, it is for them no very difficult undertaking. Even the active exertions of only one in ten of them would easily do it. For the price of the Post, especially when a club is got up, is a mere bagatelle. Four papers for five dollars—a dollar and a quarter apiece—it is next to nothing, as compared with what is received for the money. A "strong pull, and a pull altogether" would render a "*long* pull" unnecessary. One month's work would do it. At very many post offices, our list could be doubled in a week by the active exertions of our friends. But good deeds too often evaporate in good wishes. One man writes,—"I like your paper greatly, it has my warmest desires for its continued success." Another man writes,—"I admire your paper—*to the extent of twenty new subscribers, which I have obtained for you.*" Now, is it to be wondered at that *we* should like best that good feeling which manifests itself by its good works?

We may add to the above, that we can supply back numbers yet to the beginning of the admirable story of "Zillah."

THE FOREIGN NEWS.—The Emeu and Canada have arrived since our last, bringing news to the 15th of March—another arrival is daily expected.

The prospects of peace still continue very bright, though nothing is known for certain as to the conclusions of the Conference. A rumor from St. Petersburg states that a definite understanding had been come to on the difficult fifth point, and that Peace therefore was assured. It is generally believed that Russia has formally acceded to the neutralization of the Black Sea and the collateral demands of the Allies. Prussia has been invited to send Delegates to the Conference.

The Pacific is now generally given up at Liverpool. It is believed that she was sunk either by an iceberg, or by being cut through by the field ice. Of course there is still room for hope—but every day the probabilities of her safety lessen.

An Austro-American Company has been formed to import cotton, coffee, &c., direct into Austria, to save the warehouse and commission expenses at Liverpool and London. A new commercial treaty is also talked of between the two countries. What will not the necessities of trade do?

A dinner had been given to the American Minister, Mr. Buchanan, on the occasion of his leaving England, by the Lord Mayor of London. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Buchanan said:—

I can say, however, in all truth and sincerity, that I shall ever preserve a grateful memory of the kindness which I have invariably received in England. I have yet to meet the first English gentleman who has not treated me as if I had been a countryman of his own. (Cheers.) I say nothing of the ladies, because I ought not to speak of them, although they are the fairest part of the creation. I shall carry home with me every sort of grateful feeling towards the people of this country, among whom I have never felt myself a stranger. Speaking the same language, having read the same books, having had intercourse with a kindred free people, I have always spoken my sentiments freely and respectfully in every society in which I have been, I have invariably found that an English gentleman treated me kindly; and if we differed in opinion we have had a fair argument, and we have always parted in peace and friendship.

With regard to the two countries, what a dreadful misfortune it would be to the whole human race if they should ever again be involved in war. (Hear, hear.) How it would injure and throw back the cause of civilization and of human liberty! (Hear, hear.) How it would delight the despots of the earth to find these two nations destroying themselves, and in that way destroying every hoped progress to mankind. (Cheers.) I hold it that there can be no political slavery where the English language is the language of the country. (Renewed cheers.) It is impossible—and so far from there being any jealousy, so far from its being proper that there should be any jealousy in either country as to the honest and fair extension of the frontiers of either, it ought to be considered a blessing to mankind that they should have the opportunity of extending their freedom and liberal institutions over all the unsettled parts of the earth. (Cheers.)

I am sorry to say that, with all these feelings and sentiments, from the first separation of the two countries there has unfortunately always been a group of unsettled questions. There is a cloud now impending over their relations; but I trust in God, and I believe that that cloud will be speedily dissipated, and that the sunshine of peace and friendship will become more and more bright between the two countries, until all the dissensions which ever existed between them shall have passed away, and shall only live in history as a record of the folly of two people who could for a moment suppose it possible to engage in a fratricidal war. (Loud cheers.) I thank you again for the cordial manner in which you have responded to the proposal of my health, and I beg to assure you that I shall ever regard my residence in England as one of the bright periods of my life. (Cheers.)

Mr. Dallas had arrived in Liverpool, and been waited upon by a deputation from the American Chamber of Commerce. In responding to their felicitations, Mr. Dallas expressed his belief that the causes of difference between the two countries were capable of an amicable solution, and trusted peace would be preserved, not only for the sake of humanity, but for the interests of commerce also. The excitement in England had entirely abated.

MR. DEMPSTER.—This admirable vocalist designs giving a series of musical entertainments in this city—the first to take place at the Musical Fund Hall, on Monday evening next, at eight o'clock. We trust he will have an audience worthy of himself and of Philadelphia.

THE ROSINE ASSOCIATION.—We are requested to state that the Annual Meeting of this Society will be held at Sansom Street Hall, on the afternoon of Thursday, April 3, at 3 o'clock. Ladies generally are invited to attend.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.—Our thanks are due to our contemporaries for their continued friendly notices of our new double sheet. As a sample of many we may quote the following:—The *Indiana*, of Warsaw, Indiana, says:—

☞ THE SATURDAY EVENING POST comes to us this week enlarged, and printed upon superior paper, "brim full" of reading matter, and in the quarto form. Its change of form is a decided improvement—it is much handier, looks better, and we are satisfied will suit its readers better than the old unwieldy folio form. The number of friends the "Post" will gain by the change, will amply remunerate the publishers for the heavy expense which they have incurred in making it.

The Northfield (Vt.) *Star* says:—

This excellent weekly is now the oldest literary newspaper in the Union. The form has recently been changed to quarto, thus rendering it convenient for binding. It is edited with great ability, and is, strictly speaking, in original and selected matter, a first-rate journal.

The *West Jersey Pioneer*, of Bridgeton, *N. J.*, says:—

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This old and favorite newspaper, so long and successfully published in Philadelphia, comes to us much enlarged and beautified in appearance. The *form* has been *transposed*, and we have now one of the largest and best quarto papers in this country. The price has not increased with the increase in size and quality of the paper, which amounts to five hundred dollars *extra* monthly since the improvement.

The *Delaware Sentinel*, of Dover, Delaware, says:—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This valuable family newspaper now comes to us in a decidedly improved and greatly enlarged form, being a quarto, which shape is almost universally adopted by all the leading and influential weeklies of the day. Its general appearance and make-up cannot be excelled; and as regards the sterling merits of the Post, it is a paper too well known by the public to need commendation at our hands. As the proprietors have been at an immense expense in thus improving and beautifying their paper, we hope their subscription list will increase accordingly.

The *Monroe Democrat*, of Waterloo, Ill., says:

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, now in its thirty-fifth year, instead of showing signs of decrepitude, as other old things do, comes to us this week greatly enlarged and improved. It is now printed in quarto form nearly twice as large as the *Democrat*, and filled with every description of good reading matter. And strange enough, too, this increase of size has added nothing to the price.

The *Companion*, of Ocala, Fla., says:

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the best literary paper on our list, has recently been enlarged, and otherwise considerably improved. It now makes its appearance in a quarto form, which we think is a great improvement, and one which will be pleasing to all who wish to preserve it, and it is well worth preserving.

The *Black River Herald*, of Boonville, N. Y., says:—

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This journal has been much enlarged, and changed to a quarto form, presenting weekly 48 columns of reading matter. As a literary paper it is excelled by none, if it has an equal in any of the newspaper publications of the day. Its novelets are original, and from the pens of some of the best writers of the day. It has only to be read to be appreciated.

The *Republican*, of Martinsburg, Va., says:

The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, one of the largest and best literary papers in the country, has recently been enlarged and otherwise improved. If any of our readers wish to subscribe for a first-rate family newspaper, we would advise them to take the *Post*. We have observed that many of the trashy literary papers are circulating in our town—some of which should never go into a family—whilst the better papers are entirely overlooked. This should not be so.

The *Easton Gazette*, of Easton, Md., says:

The Philadelphia Saturday Post makes its appearance in quarto form, with improved paper, and larger size.—This is a decided improvement, and entitles the Post to the increased patronage of the public, though it is now in that respect far ahead of any other literary paper in the country. The popularity of the Post is unbounded.

VERY TRUE.—Mr. B. R., at Joliet, Illinois, says:—"I am not disposed to find fault with the change of form of the Post; but you must remember that with old subscribers the old form had become canonized."

Yes, we knew that was the case with many—and it was the chief argument against the change. But we also felt confident that after a reasonable time had elapsed to test the new form, its superior advantages would fully justify us—and that it would be better loved than ever the old sheet had been.

A lady subscriber likes the new shape, but mourns over the loss of the old head. But probably she has no idea of what that old head cost her in the way of interesting reading, whose space it occupied. She gains by the reduced space which the present neat head occupies, over two columns a week—which is 104 columns a year—or more than the whole contents of two papers. Thus the old head monopolized in the course of a year, the contents of two of our present double sheets. And, granting its elegance, was no that "paying rather too dear for the whistle?"

LAND IN IOWA.

WATERLOO, Black Hawk Co., Iowa, March 8th, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Sat. Eve. Post: Having see several communications in your paper of late making inquiries with regard to the country we of the Alleghanies, where good and cheap lan could be obtained; and also a communicatio from a correspondent at Perrysburg, Ohio, the number of February 23rd, making misstat ments with regard to the country and the price produce in our growing and thriving State, thought it no more than just to contradict a stat ment that would tend to injure our State in the es mation of many emigrants coming West. He what he says: Corn fifteen cents in *Iowa*; *Ohio*, fifty cents. Mark the difference; but to on, he says that unimproved prairie can be b there for twelve to twenty dollars per acre. T we do not deny. But we should like to kn where he got his price current of the Iowa m ket. It could be from no responsible source. the principal markets of Iowa, corn has rang for the last three or four months, at Davenp 30 to 35 cents, Dubuque, 35 to 40 cents, and Waterloo, near the centre of the State, from to 55 cents, a ready market, and many refuse sell at those prices. Further north and west is much higher, so that it will no doubt aver as high as forty cents per bus[illegible]el all over State. Only ten cents per bushel less than our friend says it is worth in Ohio. Unimpro lands, he says, can be had for $12 to $20 acre. In the central part, and northern and ern counties of Iowa, land can be entered at $ per acre, and bought second-handed from $ to $5,00 per acre, that will produce as m corn, or any other commodity raised from soil, as any land in Ohio, or west of the nies; and as free from chills and fevers most favored portions of the West. And I say to the emigrant intending to come West this portion of the country presents many i ments, not only to the farmer and those suit of a home, but to the man of capital land can be had in good locations for a rum, that will, in the next twelve months, and treble in value, and will be, in a short beyond the reach of many who might now themselves a comfortable and happy home.

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MURRAY, KY., March 18th, 1856.

THE WEATHER.—Spring is at length beginning to open upon us with the usual signs, the singing of birds, croaking of frogs, &c. The wheat, which it was thought was greatly injured, if not entirely killed in some fields by the extremely cold, dry weather, is "coming out;" and the tender fruits, as peaches, &c., are not killed, as I have ascertained by examination of the buds. It is said to require 14 deg. below zero, to kill the peach in the bud before swelling, and we have had only five degrees below, as the lowest point to which the thermometer has sunk. By a letter from a nephew at Galveston, Texas, I learn that the orange and lemon trees are killed to the ground. J. R. H.

New Publications.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE. THE BETROTHAL. Par le grace infinie, Dieu les mist au monde ensemble. Rousier des Dames. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

The typographical execution of this book is a credit to the publishers. Printed in antique type, on fine paper, it has a singularly elegant appearance. It is a republication of an English work that comes out without the author's name—though we see him sometimes styled Coventry Passmore. He cannot long remain unknown however, for the starry light of true poetic power radiates from every page. In reading it, we began, as our custom is, to insert marks at striking passages, for convenient after reference; but these marks accumulated to an absurd amount—the book is full of good things—all compact of fine thoughts finely said. We like to fancy it read aloud to a group of fair ladies quietly seated at their needle-work; the reader some poet youth (all lovers are poets,) whose dark, impassioned eye, at each expressive passage, turns flashing to the fairest face, and whose deep voice, to one attentive ear, thrills with the sweet mystery of a yet unspoken love. The author is one who, in high appreciation of woman, may clasp hands with our own young poet, Lowell, whose love-poems are, to our taste, the best in literature. It appears that, like Lowell, he has been happy in his love, and sings out of the fulness of a satisfied soul:

"I've blushed for love's abode, the heart,
But have not disbelieved in love;
And love is my reward; for now,
When most of deadening time complain,
The myrtle is green upon my brow,
Its odor sweet within my brain."

"Keep measure in love?" More light befal
Thy sanctity, and make it less!
Be sure I will not love at all
Where I may not love with excess.

She seemed expressly sent below
To teach our erring minds to see
The rhythmic change of time's swift flow
As part of calm eternity.

These last four lines occur in a beautiful description of Honoria's sainted mother. And here is the chosen one:

"Was this her eldest, Honor, the pride
Who would not let me pull the swing;
Who, kissed at Christmas, called me rude,
And sobbed alone, and would not sing?
How changed! In shape no more a Grace,
But Venus; milder than the dove;
Her mother's air; her Norman face;
Her large, sweet eyes, clear lakes of love."

The interest of the poem is not in incidents; the action is all interior—the heart's pulsations set to music; and the scene is a quiet, well-ordered, and most happy English home. The following lines call up before us a charming picture of an ideal home, all enwrapt in an atmosphere of peace and beauty:

"'Twas half my home six years ago;
The six years had not altered it;
Red-brick and ashlar, long and low,
With dormers and with oriels lit;
Geranium, lychnis, rose arrayed
The windows, all wide open thrown,
And some one in the study played
The Wedding-March of Mendelssohn."

The poet sings of nature and of man, and then

Rioted oft by such free songs,
I think with utterance free to raise
That Hymn for which the whole world longs,
A worthy Hymn in woman's praise;
A Hymn bright-noted like a bird's,
Arousing these song-sleepy times
With rhapsodies of perfect words,
Ruled by returning kiss of rhymes.

A beautiful tribute to Woman is thus concluded:

—Until (for who may hope too much
From her who wields the power of love!)
Our lifted lives at last should touch
That lofty goal to which they move;
Until we find, as darkness rolls
Far off, and fleshly mists dissolve,
That nuptial contrasts are the poles
On which the heavenly spheres revolve.

Honoria's favorite cousin comes to take leave of her, a handsome sailor, gently bred, a possible rival, but the lover reads her clear spirit truly, and dismisses apprehension.

I watch'd her face, suspecting germs
Of love: her farewell showed me plain
She loved on the majestic terms
That she should not be loved again.

She was all mildness: yet 'twas writ
Upon her beauty legibly,
"He that's for heaven itself unfit,
Let him not hope to merit me."

Here are some of those exquisite touches of description, more numerous than we quote, which prove that one of the sweetest and noblest of women has been his inspiration. No recluse poet, painting from fancy, could trace so delicately to their subtle source the charms that move his love. Only in her real presence could he divine her soul as truly.

Pure courtesy, composure, ease,
Declare affections nobly fix'd,
And impulse sprung from due degrees
Of sense and spirit sweetly mix'd;
Her modesty, her chiefest grace,
The centre clasping Venus' side,
Is potent to deject the face
Of him who would affront its pride;
Wrong dares not in her presence speak,
Nor spotted thought its taint disclose
Under the protest of a cheek
Outbragging Nature's boast, the rose.
In mind and manners how discreet!
How witless in her very wit!
How candid in discourse; how sweet
The concord of her lips and heart!
How, (not to call true instinct's bent
And woman's very nature, harm,)
How amiable and innocent
Her pleasure in her power to charm;
How humbly careful to attract,
Though crown'd with all the soul desires,
Connubial aptitude exact,
Diversity that never tires.

The following parallel between man and woman may pass for an humble lover's estimate admiration expressed.

Where she succeeds with cloudless brow,
In common and in holy course,
He fails, in spite of prayer and vow,
And agonies of faith and force;
Or, if his suit with Heaven prevails
To righteous life, his virtuous deeds
Lack beauty, virtue's badge: she fails
More graciously than he succeeds.
Her spirit, compact of gentleness,
If Heaven postpones or grants her prayer,
Conceives no pride in its success,
And in its failure no despair;
But she, enamour'd of the best,
Baffled, blaspheme—or, not denied,
Crowns from the dust hill of despair
And wags its ugly wings for pride.
He's never young nor ripe: he grows
More infantine, sceptical, timid;
And still the more she lives and knows
The lovelier she's express'd a child.
Say that she wants the will of man
To conquer fame, not check'd by cross,
Nor moved when others lean or lean;
She wants but what to have were loss;
Or say she holds no seals of power,
But humbly lives her life at school;
Alas, we have yet to hail the hour
When God shall clothe the best with rule.
Or say she wants the patient brain
To track shy truth: her *facile wit*
At that which he hunts down with pain,
Flies straight, and does exactly hit:
Nay, though she were half what she is,
He twice himself, mere love alone,
Her special crown, as truth is his,
Gives title to the loftier throne:
For love is substance, truth the form;
Truth without love were less than nought;
But blindest love is sweet and warm,
And full of *truth not shaped by thought;*
And therefore in herself she stands
Adorned with undeficient grace,
Her happy virtues taking hands,
Each smiling in another's face;
So dancing round the Tree of Life,
They make an Eden to her breast,
Whilst his, disjointed and at strife,
Proud-thoughted, do not bring him rest,
But ever groan and gasp for death
Of that in her with which they agree,
Like rude base notes, of little worth
Till married to their melody.

Here is one of those gems of poetry with which the verse abounds.

She approach'd, all mildness and young trust;
And ever her chaste and noble air
Gave to love's feast its choicest gust,
A vague, faint augury of despair.

What sweet suggestions of a perfect life are in these lines!

Breakfast enjoy'd, with hush of boughs
And perfumes thro' the windows blown;
Brief worship done, which still endows
The day with beauty not its own;
With intervening rest, that paints
Each act with honor, and makes lives calm
As old procession of the Saints,
At every step a wand of palm;—

Whoever has enjoyed the quiet luxury of rising a little before day, in the dim, sweet light of an early summer morning, will feel how exquisitely the sensations of the hour are reproduced in these lines.

The air
Was dark and sharp; the roosted birds
Cheep'd, "Here am I, Sweet, are you there?"
On Avon's misty flats the herds
Expected, comfortless, the day,
Which slowly fired the clouds above;
The cock screamed, somewhere far away;
In sleep the matrimonial dove
Was brooding; no wind waked the wood,
Nor moved the midnight marish damps,
Nor thrill'd the poplar: quiet stood
The chesaut with its thousand lamps;
The moon shone yet, but weak and drear,
And seem'd to watch, with bated breath,
The landscape, all made sharp and clear
By stillness, as a face by death.

We have had the happiness of knowing one, an unapproachably lovely spirit, now among the angels, whose earthly countenance was like to this:

The mystery of loveliness,
Which made an altar of her face,
Was not of the flesh, though that was fair,
But a most pure and lambent light,
Without a name, by which the rare
And virtuous spirit dazed to sight.

With what a poetic felicity of expression this scene is presented! Honoria and her sisters going to Church.

I found them with exactest grace
And fresh as Spring for Spring attired;
And by the radiance in her face,
I saw she felt she was admired;
And, through the common look of love,
A moment's fortunate delay,
To fit the little lilac glove,
Gave me her arm; and I and they
(They true to this and every hour,
As if attended on by time),
Went into Church while yet the tower
Was washing with the finish'd chime.

Her soft song singularly heard
Beside me, in the Psalms, withstood
The roar of voices, like a bird
Sole singing in a windy wood:
And, when we knelt, she seem'd to be
An angel teaching me to pray;
And all through the sweet Liturgy
My spirit rejoiced without allay.
Being for once borne clearly above
All bands and bars of ignorance,
By this bright spring-tide of pure love,
And floated in a free expanse,
Whence it could see from side to side,
The obscurity from every part
Winnow'd away and purified
By the vibrations of my heart.

"The Abdication" thus concludes the poem:

My queen was crouching at my side.
By love unstepired and brought low,
Her awful garb of maiden pride
All melted into tears like snow.
The mistress of my reverent thought,
Whose praise was all I ask'd of fame,
In my close watch'd approval sought
Protection as from danger and blame.
Her spirit, which I loved to invest
With pity for my poor desert,
Buried its face within my breast,
Like a pet fawn by hunters hurt.

Sweet are the flatteries of love:
They neither would nor do deceive,
Albeit they lift our hearts above
All flatteries which our hearts believe:
But this of making me her lord
Appear'd such passionate excess,
I almost wish'd her state restored,
I almost wish'd she loved me less.
I was abash'd, and look'd aside
From honor I might not refuse,
Until I saw my shame was pride,
Since love to love discerns all dues,
And never of lesser payment speaks
But loved to love for love's sole sake,
And in its object only seeks
That worth which love itself can wake.

Of this high truth intelligent,
I buried soon, in the deep sea
Of a most near and dear content,
All pride and all humility;
So she beside me sat her down,
Excused from dignity and care,
And I authorized to the crown
No choice was left me but to wear

CASE OF PASSMORE WILLIAMSON.—A Phonographic and therefore accurate report of this case, including the proceedings, Judicial Opinions, Arguments of Counsel, &c.—a pamphlet which should be read by all who wish fully to understand its merits, pro and con. Published by *Uriah Hunt & Co., Philadelphia.*

☞ LOVE. — That everlasting conversation which the human race has repeated for so many ages without ever finding it monotonous.

☞ BEARDS.—On the authority of Mr. Miall, M. P., we may state that the beard movement is very perceptibly advancing within the walls of the House of Commons, making it, he says, occasionally difficult to recognise at a glance the faces of old friends.

Life in Paris.

OLIVE-BLOSSOMS OPENING—DIPLOMATIC GAIETIES—A WHISPER FROM ROME—A SIGHT FOR THE LADIES—HYPERBOREAN GALLANTRY—AN UNLUCKY EDITOR—A TELLING DISCOURSE—PORTS AND UMBRELLAS—A TRADITIONAL CORNER-STONE.

PARIS, March 3, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

For a few days it was rumored that the conferences were not going on so swimmingly; and the public, though still believing that they would be brought to a successful issue was rather less sanguine about the speed with which "peace" was to be given back to the world. The day before yesterday, however, the preliminaries of peace were signed by all the plenipotentiaries.

The anxiety of the public for news on the momentous topic of the result of these famous conferences, is more easily imagined than described; and while awaiting positive information on more important points, every bit of gossip about the room, the table, and the circumstances of the conferences has been eagerly passed from one to another; so that all Europe has had, at least the consolation of knowing that the former contains no other portraits than those of the First Napoleon, and the present Emperor and Empress, that the second is round, covered with a green cloth, and provided with writing materials and seats for twelve; the secretary, whom the superstitious portion of the public had settled, to their own profound alarm, to make *the thirteenth* at the momentous table in question—thus compromising the success of the negotiations—having a table all to himself at a little distance from that of the plenipotentiaries.

Balls, dinners, and concerts, at which the representatives of the hostile powers mingle on terms of the utmost politeness, are given every day by the Court and the Ministers. At the dinner and ball given by the Minister of State the other day, the ladies, on leaving the dining-room, first pushed open the door of the room where the conferences are held, next peeped in, and then, growing bolder, marched in *en masse*, seized upon the pens, and scrawled "Peace!" "Peace!" on all the sheets of paper they found on the table. Though disappointed at this result not being obtained more rapidly, few doubt that it is coming.

The Bishop of Avignon, just returned from Rome, states that the Pope told him he was coming to Paris to baptize the Imperial baby if it proved to be a boy; and should at the same time crown its papa. "Moreover," declares the Bishop, "His Holiness promised me to pass two days at Avignon on his return to Rome." This certainly looks like something positive. Avignon was formerly the residence of the Popes.

The Countess de Montigo is on her way hither to be present at the confinement of her daughter; she will not stay at the Tuileries, nor at the beautiful hotel of the Duchess of Alba, her other daughter, in the Champs Elysees, which is being done up by a host of workmen, but at an apartment already engaged for her in the Rue Montaigne.

The Imperial baby-linen, which fills three rooms, and is said to be a collection of little miracles, will be exhibited in the course of a few days. For the benefit of your lady-readers I have inscribed my name in the books of the Imperial *lingere*; and shall be favored with a ticket which will admit me to inspect this interesting display, of which they shall have the full benefit.

The personal appearance, biography, and presumed dispositions of the plenipotentiaries are the theme of universal disquisition. Count Orloff is, perhaps, even more than his colleagues, the "lion" of the moment. He is a very handsome, stately old fellow of seventy-one; six feet high, like his late friend and master, the Czar Nicholas; a stout, well-formed, and most imposing personage. A forest of curly gray hair covers his head; his features are delicately and firmly cut; his eyes bright and animated, his appearance and manners exceedingly distinguished. Having been in the army ever since his boyhood, and the Russian officers never quitting their uniform, the Count was not a little taken aback the other day, on reading, in the corner of the card of invitation to the grand Diplomatic Court Dinner of last week, the word, *En Frac!* "But I never put on a dress coat in my life!" cried the Count, in dismay. But Court etiquette is absolute; and the old officer was obliged, *nolens volens*, to send for a fashionable tailor, and order the required swallow-tail and continuations, with the accessories of shirt-bosom, waistcoat, cravat, &c., which constitute the toilette of a civilized European of this enlightened nineteenth century. The old Count, notwithstanding his reluctance to don the unaccustomed garments, is said to have worn them with all his grace and dignity. On his black coat glittered a mass of orders, and an enormous ornament, as big as a breakfast-saucer, containing the portraits of the late Emperor and the Empress-Dowager, enamelled on gold, and set round with magnificent diamonds, which Nicholas bestowed on his faithful servant as a testimony of his especial favor and satisfaction. In illustration of his Herculean strength, it is stated that Count Orloff, at a splendid dinner once given by him in St. Petersburg, hearing one of his lady guests expatiating on the beauty of the great bouquet of flowers which filled the central ornament of the dinner service, took the bouquet from the *surtout* to offer it to her; but perceiving that the *stems* were wet, and not having a bouquet holder ready to his hand, took up one of the silver-gilt plates of the service, and rolling it round his finger as though it had been so much paper, twisted it into the required shape, placed the flowers within it, and gallantly presented the whole to his astonished visitor.

Five of the young students recently sentenced to various degrees of imprisonment and fines for disturbing the lectures of M. Nisard at the Sorbonne, have been pardoned by the Emperor at the request of the unpopular professor.

Severity, however, is still the order of the day. M. Goudourieche, one of the editors of a paper called *The Future*, was recently condemned to three months' imprisonment for having cried "*Vive la liberte!*" at the funeral of the late sculptor, David d'Angers. The cry was qualified as "seditious" by the Procuror-General, he stating that, although there was nothing reprehensible in the words themselves, the circumstances under which they were uttered were such as to render them reprehensible.

The same gentleman, and one of his assistants, M. Munzel, have just been tried for having treated of certain social questions in that journal without having deposited the legal security required of all periodical publications which treat of these matters. The court has sentenced M. Goudourieche to six months' imprisonment and a fine of $80, for each of the numbers incriminated, (of which there are several) and M. Munzel to one month's imprisonment, and a fine of $20 for each of these numbers. The journal is, moreover, suppressed altogether.

A Womens' Petition addressed to both Houses of Parliament is being got up in Great Britain, praying that the right to control their own property and earnings may be bestowed upon all married women. This petition, which has been signed by Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Howitt, and a number of other female celebrities, is also being circulated actively among the Englishwomen resident in Paris, and is being signed by a goodly number of them. In connexion with which fact I may also mention, as additional evidence that the social question brought so conspicuously before the public mind in your country is not altogether without its influence in the Old World, that Sir John Romilly, Master of the Rolls, has just named a woman, married, and the mother of four children, to the post of clerk, which recently became vacant in the office of the state-papers in London. This is the first time that a woman has been named to any post above that of post mistress in a country in which so many of the greatest sovereigns have been of the female sex. The circumstance has created some little sensation in England, and people are wondering whether the example thus set by the honorable Baronet is to be followed by any similar innovations in other government offices. In this city a good deal of sensation has been created by the admirable advocacy of the doctrine of the Equality of the Sexes, and the Equality of Rights thence resulting, contained in the eloquent address delivered a few days ago by M. Ernest Legouve, on his reception among the "Immortal Forty" of the French Academy.

M. Legouve is the son of one of the warmest defenders of the Rights of Womanhood; and in his own writings has uniformly upheld the same with all the force of learning, eloquence, and devotion to the subject which he has so deeply at heart. As this gentleman is wealthy, holds a high social position, and is one of the most successful and popular of the novelists and dramatists of the day, whatever he says on this important question is sure to be listened to by the public.

I wish that the limits assigned to my communications would allow of transcribing, for the benefit of your readers of both sexes, the whole of this noble discourse, which the leading literary journal of this city does not hesitate to pronounce "the finest composition of this deservedly popular author." But a brief summary of its concluding portion is all I can venture upon in this place.

After speaking of the fears of many excellent people who, looking upon the patriarchal composition of the family as a divinely-instituted model, dread all liberty of action accorded to women as an immoral interference therewith, M. Legouve fully admits that the time is gone by when Arnolphe could address to Agnes the celebrated verses in which he tries to impress upon her mind the extent of the duty she will owe to him by and by.

All rightful power resides in the wearer of the beard. All the obedience that the well-trained soldier shows to his chief, the valet to his master, the child to his father, the humblest monk to his superior, approaches not to the docility, the obedience, the humility, and the profound respect which the wife owes to her husband, her chief, her lord, her master! "It must be confessed," continued the orator, "the women of our day are not at all obedient to this degree. Far from it. I doubt much if they would even approve of the law, passed in the twelfth century, which empowered the husband to beat his wife, '*provided he did it in moderation.*'" I will even admit that, on the very legitimate plea of being the equal of their husband, and that consequently, they should possess half the rights and half the powers to which our sex has hitherto urged an exclusive claim, they mistake the part of the whole, and become in fact the mistresses of their masters; but these are rare exceptions, it does not, to my mind, militate against the fact that the institution of marriage and of the family have become, by the mere spread of these ideas, healthier and holier than they have ever been before. Certainly, the father of ancient times, with his grave countenance, his expression half that of a judge, half that of a king, the wife in the respectful and half-fearful attitude of a devoted inferior, the children silently grouped, according to the hierarchy of their age and sex, around the supreme chief of the family—the picture is not without a certain grandeur, which impresses our imagination; but it must also be admitted that there is wanting in this picture, the tenderness and freedom which, for us men of modern days, are the fundamental conditions of all moral beauty. In the family, as in the state, authority is a great principle, respect an admirable sentiment; but both the sentiment and the principle remain sterile if not allied to liberty and affection. This is why the family of modern times appears to me superior to the family of old; because in it both principles are reconciled, because enlightened minds no longer consider the ideal of marriage to consist in the bringing together of a ruler and a subject, a master and an inferior, but in the alliance, truly divine, of two equal and free beings, united by love, and tending through love to an indefinite, harmonious progress toward perfection. Will it be replied that such may be the ideal in our day, but that it is certainly not yet become a reality? What then? The greatness of an epoch must be measured no less by its aspirations than by its deeds, for to desire the best is to be already better, and the ideal of to-day, will become the reality of to-morrow. And even at the present moment, how many women, whom a sounder education has fitted to become wives in the highest sense of the word, associate themselves with the thoughts, the studies, and even the labors of their husbands, and bring to the aid of his spirit, toiling in the rough pathways of the world, a spirit to uphold and to strengthen him. And how different is the life of children now, from what it was but a few generations ago! Instead of being banished, as it were, from the society of their parents, an incessant, constant communication is established between the children and parents, as beneficial in its action upon the parents as upon their children. I could name fathers who have returned to the books and studies of their college days, in order to become the instructors of their children; mothers who have secretly mastered the Greek tongue, to teach it to their children; and who thus, fathers and mothers, bending over the little helpless creature heaven has sent to them, warming it with the warmth of their hearts, feeding it with the strength of their souls, teaching it all that they know, giving to it all that is best and noblest in themselves, receive from it again even more than they have given; for there is a perfume of divinity about a pure and well-guarded childhood that embalms and purifies with its own innocence and purity all that it touches."

The discourse of which the foregoing is a fragment, was enthusiastically received by the colleagues of the new member; but the *Moniteur* took care not to publish it; the Emperor being by no means favorable to liberal ideas in regard to the "weaker" sex. M. Flourens, Perpetual Secretary, made a flowery and rhetorical reply, in which he gave utterance to a long string of neatly-turned commonplaces, assuring the orator that women had already quite enough influence in the world, and that it was only putting useless and troublesome ideas into people's heads, to tell them otherwise. The *Moniteur* published this reply of the Perpetual Secretary at full length in its next day's edition.

Victor Hugo and Lamartine are both bringing out a volume of poems; the former under the title of "*Contemplations*," the latter of "Disillusions."

A noted wit of this city, complaining of the present style of dress so frequently alluded to in these letters, thus expresses himself: "A fashionable lady will soon be unable to enter any European vehicle; and we shall be obliged to adopt the eastern palanquin, and lift our belles in and out by means of cords and pullies. Six ladies now fill a good-sized saloon, and literally do not leave room for their unhappy worser-halves to circulate between the circumferences of their conic habiliments. A fashionably-dressed woman is now an umbrella—with two handles instead of one."

The Austrian journals are gravely assuring their readers that the foundation-stone of the new Cathedral of Vienna will be a slab of the identical rock on which St. Peter knelt to receive the emblematic keys from his Master, when the latter uttered the immortal declaration, "Upon this rock will I build my Church;" and which will be carefully detached from the rock in question, and brought from Jerusalem to Vienna by a learned traveller specially sent on the errand by one of the Grand Dukes. The ceremony of laying this marvellous foundation-stone is to be performed by the Emperor in person, with the aid of a golden trowel, and surrounded by all the pomp that can be imagined for the occasion. QUANTUM.

Letter from England.

THE STEAMERS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE—A STORMY NIGHT AND A HEROIC DEED—THE PORT OF DOVER AND ITS ANCIENT PRIVILEGES—OFFICE DRESS AND FEE OF THE THIRTY-TWO BARONS—MEDALS COMMEMORATIVE OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BOULOGNE—DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

LONDON, March 7, 1856.

The steamers which ply between France and England, are solidly built and seem to perform their constant trips with that unvarying safety in which English steamers have of late proved themselves pre-eminent. But at the same time they are wofully deficient in beauty of appearance and comfortable accommodations—two pleasant qualifications for which English steamers certainly are not pre eminent.

It seems astonishing that, on a thoroughfare that has been for centuries of such importance, and in such constant use, the accommodations should still be so miserable; and it is the more surprising because the voyage, though short, is usually a very trying one, and the poor sea-sick passengers seem to need every possible alleviation of their dismal sufferings. But at Dover or Folkestone, the two principal ports from which the voyage is made, you are surprised to see only a little, low, black steamer, in size and appearance vastly inferior to the ferry boats of Philadelphia or New York. The whole affair lies but a little way above the water, the machinery and cabins are all below, and on the small, low, black, and soaking deck, you see only a few benches around a square box, out of which rises the chimney, and at one end a hole through which the stairs descend, leading to the two dark, stifling little underground cabins. If you sit upon deck, you are drenched with sea-water and frozen with cold. If you take refuge below, in the crowded and stifling cabin, it is all over with you; you sink down immediately in the first unoccupied space, and rise no more until the blessed moment when the voyage comes to an end, and you are again at anchor on another shore. The best way, unless it is very bitterly cold, is to keep on deck, where one of the sailors will cover you up with an oil-skin coat, and wait upon you with the utmost devotion; requesting, of course, a shilling in return as soon as you are within sight of land.

This is endurable if you take a tidal steamer, but wo to the unhappy traveller who takes the mail line, which must land immediately at Calais, whether the tide be high or low. As at low tide the steamer cannot land, he must take an open boat, and if it be stormy, he may be tossed about for hours in the wind and rain, before he is landed, more dead than alive, upon the shore. This is sometimes very perilous, and occasionally, in very bad weather, the landing cannot be made. An instance of great danger, and of heroic bravery, occurred upon this route on the night of the 31st of January, which is just now attracting the notice and admiration it so richly deserves.—The Dover packet being unable to land at Calais, on account of the violence of the storm, most of the passengers had made up their minds to wait quietly until it should subside; but two, who were very anxious to be in time for the train for Paris, insisted upon proceeding, and persuaded three of the sailors to take them in the open boat. It was almost immediately capsized by a tremendous sea, and all were precipitated into the waves. An Englishman who, standing upon the deck of the packet, had anxiously watched the dangerous embarkation, now threw off his coat, and springing instantly into the sea, succeeded with great difficulty in bringing two in safety to the ship's ladder. He was assisted with them upon deck, and found himself dripping wet, but otherwise but little the worse for the exploit. Looking round again, he perceived the other three tossing in the waves, and clinging to the sides of the boat. In the coolest manner he threw himself in again, and rescued these three also. The passengers, filled with admiration, inquired his name. He refused to give it, saying he had but done his duty. But on landing at Calais next morning, the circumstances were made known, and the authorities of the town waited upon him, and demanded his passport. Upon examination, it was found to bear the name of Sir Stephen Lakeman, who had received his knighthood for former acts of bravery in the Kaffir war, and as Governor of the town of Bucharest. Under the Sultan of Turkey, he holds the rank of Lieutenant-General, with the title of Mazkar Pacha. The Calais Society for the Protection of Lives from Shipwreck, has made him an Honorary President, and has just forwarded to him his diploma of membership, dated February 15th, together with a gold medal to commemorate his heroic deed.

On the English side of the Channel the mail steamers can land at Dover at any hour, independent of the tide, owing to the long stone pier, built out into the sea; for the town and port of Dover have been for many centuries an object of especial care to the English Government, owing to the importance of the position on the great thoroughfare between France and England.

In ancient times Dover was one of the five ports leagued together under a Lord Warden, each being required to furnish 21 ships for the defence of the coast, and receiving in return various immunities and privileges, some of which continue even to the present day. Among them was the right to send 32 freemen entitled Barons, to the Coronations, to carry over the King and Queen the canopies of gold or silver cloth, and to sit at dinner in Westminster Hall, at a table furnished expressly for them at the King's right hand. At the Coronation of George the Third, the post of honor being otherwise appropriated, they indignantly refused to seat themselves elsewhere.

There were two canopies; one for the King and one for the Queen, each made of cloth of silver or gold, supported by four staves overlaid with silver. Each staff was adorned with one little silver bell, overlaid with gold, and was supported by four Barons. When the Coronation was over the Barons received the canopies as a fee. For a long time it was customary with them to present the gold and silver cloth to some favorite church, and to divide amongst themselves the staves and the silver bells. In later times, grown less devoted, they retained the whole, dividing the cloth also among themselves.

The dress that they wore was settled by the town council, and furnished at their own expense. In James the Second's time it consisted of a scarlet gown, reaching to the ankles, faced with crimson, silk stockings, crimson velvet shoes, and black velvet caps. This dress has since undergone several slight modifications, but at each Coronation the towns have petitioned to be allowed their ancient privilege, which they retain with the exception that the canopies are borne by their representatives in Parliament, instead of by Barons chosen expressly for the purpose.

The bay at Dover formerly extended farther inland, between the hills, and the constant washing down of the beach and clogging up of the bay, was a great subject of concern to the people and of outlay to the government, which expended from time to time large sums of money in endeavoring to improve it and keep it open. Henry the Seventh, to protect the ships from the violence of the winds, built at one end of the bay a round tower, with rings by which the vessels might be fastened, which made that part of the bay so pleasant that it was called the Little Paradise, a name which it still retains. But the efforts to keep the bay open were constantly defeated, and at length pamphlets were published upon the subject, declaring such attempts to be contrary to Nature, and only a useless expense. The bay was given up. Public attention was directed to its improvement as a seaport, and finally the long pier was built running out into the sea.

In ancient times, besides the requirements laid upon Dover to keep 21 ships, each furnished with 21 men and a boy, for the defence of the coast, it was also expected to convey the sovereign and his suite to and from France, at any time when they might wish to make the voyage; and the celebrated old castle and stronghold on the cliffs overhanging Dover, was their usual resting place, but the castle is now in ruins, and the custom is obsolete. On the Queen's recent visit to France, she sailed from Folkestone, in Prince Albert's yacht, and landed at Boulogne.

The inhabitants of that town, delighted that she should land there instead of at Calais, called together a town meeting and voted a large sum for the erection of a sculptured monument commemorative of the event, but they have since given up this beautiful idea, and devoted the funds to casting medals, in gold and silver and bronze, representing the landing of the Queen of England upon the soil of France.

To return to London; a sad catastrophe took place here two days ago, in the destruction of Covent Garden Theatre, of long celebrity. At five o'clock in the morning, towards the close of a masked ball, given by Professor Anderson, the "Wizard of the North," the company still remaining from the night's revel were suddenly terror stricken by the falling of a large beam from the ceiling upon the centre of the stage, and the discovery that the upper part of the building was on fire. Out rushed in panic, Kings, Queens, Heroes and Lovers; Indians, Turks, Angels, Demons and Ballet Dancers, in one terrified mass. The police flew to their duty in restraining and holding back the crowd who were trampling upon one another in their blind haste to get out. Thanks to their exertions no lives were lost, and the building was soon emptied of its motley assemblage. But the firemen immediately perceived that it was useless to attempt to save the Theatre. The fire had been too long silently spreading through the upper part, occupied by the workshops of the carpenters and scene painters, and they directed their efforts to the preservation of the surrounding buildings already in danger from the violence of the flames. The wind was favorable, and their efforts were successful. In a short time the Italian Opera House, Covent Garden Market, and the surrounding shops were still standing in safety, though with scorched and blistered fronts, while of the magnificent Theatre, nothing remained but a blackened skeleton of stone work. With it perished a fine dramatic library; a valuable collection of opera scores; some of the most beautiful scenery ever painted for the stage; original pictures by Hogarth, and many valuable and interesting things. The origin of the fire has not been certainly ascertained, but it seems most probable that it was owing to an escape from the gas pipes, which for some time past have been considered to be in a dangerous condition. As no company had been willing to secure the building, and as but a trifling insurance was held upon its contents, a tremendous loss falls upon the shareholders, and upon the manager, who is said, however, already to have commenced a treaty for the Haymarket Theatre, as he had previously made his arrangements and engaged a company of uncommon ability for the ensuing season.

☞ Henry Bulwer, in his work on France, avers that among the slaughtered conscripts of Napoleon's fields, the bodies of females were found after almost every battle, in male attire.

☞ There is a time for all things. The time to "leave" is when a young lady asks you how the walking is.

EPIGRAM.

"What a nice girl is Fannie!" says Lester to me;
"But then she's so cold—and why so, I can't see."
"Oh, 'tis plain," I replied "if the truth you have told—
To be an ice girl, she of course must be cold!"

☞ LOVE.—When one loves one forgets friends, laws, all the duties of gratitude or conventionality; one rushes straight to the goal, without looking behind. Those who think much about asking permission, conciliating friends, appeasing the dissatisfied, are seekers of pretexts, who never loved at all, or who love no longer.

☞ Mr. Drummond very coolly remarked, in a debate in the House of Commons, that almost "everybody in that House had read a very amusing romance called the 'History of England by Mr. Macaulay.'"

☞ LAUGH AND LIVE.—Said Effendi, jester to four Sultans, has just died at Constantinople, aged 120 years and 7 months.

STARS WITHOUT NUMBER,

AND SPACE WITHOUT BOUNDS.

"The undevout astronomer is mad."

When the star-shepherds (astronomers) of olden Greece kept nightly watch upon the twinkling flock, that strayed or rested in the unmeasured fields of dark immensity, their eyes often turned in wonder upon a stream of "milky" light, that mysteriously engirdled the star sown space as with a belt or zone. As these early observers possessed a language that was richer than their science, they found a very happy name for this interesting object, although they could not determine anything concerning its nature; they called it *Galaxias kuklos*, or "The Milky Circle;" and this designation proved to be so appropriate and full of force, that it has remained in favor with star-craftsmen even to the present time. Whenever the living successors of the early astronomers—observers who have gone far towards interpreting the mysteries that so puzzled their predecessors—wish now, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, to allude to this remarkable circlet of the nocturnal sky, they still recur to the expressive epithet conferred upon it by the Greeks, and speak of it as the "Milky-Way," or "Galaxy."

But the star-craftsmen of modern times, having caught a glimpse of mysterious gleams, do not sit down and wonder at them, as the old star-shepherds did; they, on the contrary, open their eyes to a million times their natural size, and then, with these wonderfully enlarged organs of vision, they look into the mysteries, and detect in their depths meaning and purpose. Sir William Herschel made his eye four feet wide, three-quarters of a century ago, in order that he might scrutinize this milky stream of the sky; and with his organ of vision thus rendered telescopic, or "far-seeing," he discerned in it stars by hundreds of thousands. Upon one memorable occasion, he counted no less than fifty thousand stars in a small strip of it not more than thirty times the breadth of the full moon. In that narrow region, therefore, he saw twelve times as many stars as the unaided eye perceives in the entire heavens. Here, then, is the explanation of the phosphorescence of the Milky-Way: it is composed of myriads of stars, withdrawn so far from the eye into the remoteness of space, that the entire light of the collective host is blended into one faint misty gleam, that is almost upon the point of vanishing from unaided human vision, even when contemplated in contrast with the utter blackness of night's deep shadow. A "galaxy" is a mighty star-host, banded together in thickly serried ranks, but so confused with each other in extreme distance, that the several ranks and individuals are alike incapable of being distinguished. It is the "sheen of their spears" alone that glances to the earth.

Of the army of stars that stands guard around man's dwelling-place, some four or five thousand are visible to the naked eye; these are the nearer lines of the wonderful armament, resting within the scope of the short-sighted human organ of vision. But let it be imagined, that whilst man and his ponderous earth hangs upon nothing in the void, as they do—balanced by the Almighty hand—these four or five thousand stars are drifted away to join their companions in the milky zone; and next let it be further conceived that they do not stop even there, but that they and the milky zone then float onwards, deeper and deeper into the far-stretching realms; then the entire form of light would be gathered up, as it was removed further and further, into smaller and narrower dimensions. From a wide and long stream, it would first be dwarfed into a narrow patch; then this patch would dwindle into a speck; and at last it would be a filmy something, seen and yet not seen, cheating the sharpest eye, and floating nevertheless as a dream of a vision hardly beyond its reach. If, however, a large telescope were now directed towards this "dream of a vision," it would again become a vision, as large perhaps as a fourpenny-piece, and as bright, on the dark field of the midnight sky, as the faintest whiff of curl-cloud that the eye ever discerned on the blue canopy of a summer's day. The stars would all have been absorbed into the "galaxy," and this galaxy would then be seen from without, instead of from within. It would be contemplated as a curious miniature, hung upon the black walls of space, instead of being surveyed as a glorious surrounding panorama. Such, then, is the remote and external aspect of a star-galaxy.

But how if the deep black walls of space are really hung by a series of such galactic miniatures? How, if the sable curtains that infold the earth are really the draperies of a picture-gallery, in which star-systems are exhibited by hundreds to telescopic gaze? Such really is the case. The magical telescope of the present day not only sees stars by myriads in the Milky-Way, but out far beyond, in other directions, it contemplates other wondrous star groups, completely encompassed by the void, and cut off from each other, as from the star-firmament of man's nocturnal sky, by chasms of absolute desolation and emptiness—islands without number on the broad ocean of the infinite; archipelagoes of the unfathomable depth, separated by intervals of all but inconceivable vastness. Not less than *four thousand* such galaxy miniatures have now been marked and numbered in the catalogues of the star-exhibition; all of them forms that are familiarly known, and that can be identified at any instant by the zealous exhibitors who have constituted themselves their enumerators; and more are continually presenting, as telescopes of the highest power are directed to fresh regions of research.

But, although of almost inconceivable extent, the intervals that lie between these shining islands of the void are not immeasurable: an approximate idea of their vastness has been realized by science. The measure, however, that is used in the estimation is of a very novel kind: it starts with the circumference of the great earth as its standard unit; but it very soon finds that this unit is all too small for the work that is on hand, and so converts this into a term of a much higher order. The terrestrial sphere is 25,000 miles round; it would take a railway-carriage, traveling continuously at the rate of 100 miles every three hours, one month to encircle it. Such a material vehicle cannot be transported to the nearest star, as there are no railways laid down through space; but there is a messenger that habitually performs this journey, and that gives intelligible indications of the rate of its progress whilst doing so. Light-beams pass from star to star through the intervening chasms, and unite the whole by a net-work of connection. It is by means of such light-beams that information is brought to the earth of the existence of these surrounding bodies. These light-beams flash along in their progress so rapidly, that they go eight times as far again in a second as the railway-carriage does in a month. As far as mere speed is concerned, they are able to put a girdle eight times round the earth, while a common clock makes a single beat. Can it be ascertained then, how long the light-beam that comes from the nearest star, to tell of its existence, has to spend upon the journey? because if it can, this may give an elementary expression that will prove to be manageable in yet higher computations. By converting twenty millions of units that are determined by periods of steam-speed, into one unit that is determined by light-speed, a new comprehensive span is obtained, that may certainly be used as a link in a very long chain indeed. Since light goes eight times as far in a second as steam-carriages do in thirty-one days, the speed of light is better than twenty millions of times as great as that of steam.

The sun is 8,800 times as far again from the earth as the earth is round. This distance, is so great, that it would take a railway-carriage, moving at the rate of 100 miles every three hours, 330 years to get through it; but the earth itself, travelling with a speed of better than 68,000 miles per hour, gets through a journey of a like extent—that is, ninety-five millions of miles—in something like two months. The earth sweeps through 95,000,000 of miles in this interval. Suppose, then, some clever surveyor were to take advantage of this movement of the earth, and were to make an observation upon some one remarkable star on two different occasions, when he was in situations of space ninety-five millions of miles asunder, he would then, on the two occasions, look at the star along lines which converged together to meet at the star, but which were separated from each other at their further extremities by a line ninety-five millions of miles long. Now, if the surveyor could find how great or how small the degree of convergence was by which these lines approached each other; or, in other words, if he could make out how far they had to go before they met at the star, he would obviously know how far the star is away. This clever piece of *star-surveying* has really been successfully performed. The nearest star is at least 200,000 times further away than the sun. In the triangle formed for the purposes of the survey, the two long lines run 200,000 times further than the length of the base separating them before they meet. The light-beam comes from the sun to the earth in eight minutes and a quarter, but it must consume *three years and a quarter* upon its journey before it can arrive from the nearest star.

But the nearest star is only on the inner confines of the vast star-galaxy; the space that it takes the flash of light three years and a quarter to traverse, is nevertheless but a little space, almost swallowed up in the immensity by which it is surrounded. By the application of another principle, Sir William Herschel convinced himself that the most remote stars of the Milky-Way are 750 times as far again away as the nearest one. In making this estimate, he gave up *surveying* and its proceedings, as no longer of any avail in the task in hand, and he took to *sounding* the vast depths before him in its place. First, he ascertained, by experiments on the way in which light is weakened by increasing distance, that if the nearest star were withdrawn until ten times its present distance, it would appear like the faintest star that can be discerned by the naked eye. He next satisfied himself, that if the star were yet again withdrawn to seventy-five times that distance, it would still be seen by a telescope, with an aperture eighteen inches across, as a faint star. Then, knowing that he could see myriads of such faint stars in the Milky-Way, when he employed a telescope of this dimension in seeking them, he at once arrived at the conclusion, that those stars were seventy-five times ten times as far again off as the star from which light-beams come in three years and a quarter. These stars consequently twinkle in a region so stupendously remote, that even the flashing light-beams cannot reach the earth from them—when sent upon its telescopic mission of revealing their existence to man—in a less period than 2,625 years. The astronomer, looking through his wonderful tube, now sees those stars by means of light that started off from them on its errand of revelation to his eye when Rome and Jerusalem were both in their early glories, and ruled by their kings.

By an extension of the same ingenious reasoning, it has been determined that the external galaxies are themselves many times more distant than the remotest stars of the Milky-Way. Sir William Herschel found that a star-group, consisting of 5,000 individuals, would have been discerned in the midnight heavens, by the help of his large four-feet wide telescope, as a faint speck of light, if 30,000 times as remote again as the nearest star in the firmament. As, therefore, numbers of such faint specks of light were visible to the glance of this noble instrument, he inferred that those specks were star-galaxies thus far away; that they were really star-groups, so far off that light-beams could only flash from them by a passage of close upon a million of years. The recent discoveries of Lord Rosse have gone a long way to confirm the sagacious deductions of the illustrious astronomer of the eighteenth century. In his still more gigantic instrument, many of Sir William Herschel's faint specks are now seen as glorious masses of stars, clustering round each other as thick as bees in a dense swarm. The leviathan telescope of Lord Rosse, which has accomplished this interesting result, opens its enormous pupil with something like an 80,000 eye-penetrating power, and pierces as far again into remoteness as the great telescope of Sir William Herschel did. Still, it seems only to have carried human vision a comparatively trifling and unimportant step nearer to the bounds of universal space; for there, upon the new horizon which its penetrating glance brings into sight, fresh faint specks of starless light loom, as intractable and irresolvable to its powers as the old ones were before. The veteran philosopher, Baron Humboldt, a very high authority in these matters, after a deliberate consideration of all the circumstances concerned, has placed his belief upon record in the pages of *Cosmos*, that some of these specks reveal themselves to the observer by means of light-beams which started from them *millions of years* ago. And so again, in all probability, still larger telescopes, that would discern stars in these specks, would still find other specks beyond them which have never yet presented themselves to human vision. Such is the universe which astronomical science now calls upon the intellect of mankind to recognise; a scheme in which star-systems, each composed of myriads of orbs, are as numerous as the stars themselves are in the glorious firmament of night, and in which these star-systems are distributed through an expanse that flashing light cannot cross in millions of years, although it can circle round the earth, seemingly so vast, eight times in a second! To an intelligence that has been made capable of fathoming these depths, and comprehending these results, the universe really presents itself as "unfinished" or "infinite." "Infinity" properly means that which is not finished or bounded (*infinitus*) within the scope of human investigation or research.

THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

A DEAD BABY.

Little soul, that for so brief space entered
In this little body, straight and chilly;
Little life, that fluttered and departed
Like a moth from a close-budded lily;
Little being, without name or nation,
Where is now thy place among creation?

Little dark-lashed eyes, that never opened;
Little mouth, by human food ne'er tainted;
Little breast, that just once heaved, and settled
In a marble slumber, white and sainted;
Shall I e'er in future children's faces
See some pretty look that thine retraces?

Is this thrill that quivers through my heart-strings,
And in dews beneath my eyelid gathers,
Token of the bliss thou mightst have brought me,
Dawning of the love they call a father's?
Do I hear through this still room a sighing,
Like thy spirit to me its author crying?

Whence did come, and whither tak'st thy journey,
Little spirit, of me and mine created?
Must thou lose us, and we thee, forever,
Wondrous life, by minutes only dated?
Or new flesh assuming, as to prove us,
In some other babe return and love us?

Know I not. What know we? Our beginnings,
Like our endings, rest with the Life-sender,
With whom nought is lost, and nought spent vainly
Unto Him this little one I render.
Hide the face—the tiny coffin cover.
So—a year's dream—a year's hope, is over.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

RIGHT OF LIVING, BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.—"To love and to labor is the sum of living; and yet how many think they live who neither labor nor love."

What a gem thought it is, set in this quaint, old Saxon! The first part of the sentence is a beautiful text for one's life, while the other is an equally sad commentary on the "living" of a great portion of humanity.

And are not these twain, the loving and the laboring, the one "royal law" of the Bible, and do they not bring with them their "own exceeding great reward?"

Ye who seek after happiness, behold, here is the key!

This sitting down, folding up one's hands, and moping away one's life in a vain yearning after affection, will never do you any good.

Just step out of yourself, and live *for* and in others. Go out with a brave spirit into the world and minister to the wants of humanity. Everywhere hearts are reaching out to you for help; everywhere bleeding hearts are needing the balm of sympathy and tenderness.

The little children want your smile, the old people want some *comforting* word; and the strongest and the best have their hours of weakness and of need!

So don't sit still, we pray you, for this is not living. But "whatsoever your hand findeth to do, do it with your might," with a true, honest heart and purpose; and no matter how heavy may be the darkness of the night through which you are walking, the morning will rise, the flowers will blossom, and the birds sing about you.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

VULGAR FACTS.—The cook, the housemaid, and the washerwoman, are the pillars on which our domestic comfort rests. Without them nothing is possible in family or individual life. A well-cooked dinner, the clean shirt, and the room, are the landmarks of true civilization. Below them all is barbarism; above them much is factitious.

THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Nineteen years ago the ground on which now stands the city of Melbourne, the capital of the colony of Victoria, Australia, was unreclaimed from the wilderness of nature. On the 1st June, 1837, the first plot of land was sold. For a long time it was but thinly populated, a house here and there standing out from the trees of the forest, and its inhabitants few and far between. Now it is covered with warehouses, shops and offices, and teems with an industrious and thriving population—an instance of prosperity and success rarely paralleled in the history of nations. The city of Melbourne is well built, and contains many handsome edifices. The present building act permits no wooden erections to be put up, unless kept back at least their own height from the street, or from any other buildings; which restriction has had a most beneficial effect in preventing fires. The few which have taken place have seldom spread beyond the buildings in which they originated. Fires are said to be not more prevalent than in large towns in England; yet insurances, notwithstanding, are about ten times the rate charged in England.

Two years and a half ago, the city contained the chief portion of the town population; now, the population is to be found in the suburbs, of which Collingwood is the oldest and largest. Collingwood is inhabited by many of the most respectable merchants and shop-keepers; but it consists chiefly of lodging-houses for clerks and other young men engaged in the city. This suburb has a mechanics' institute, six churches, a theatre and music room, and several very good hotels.

The total population of Melbourne and its suburbs, may be estimated at from 70,000 to 100,000. Nearly all the suburbs to Melbourne have been built within the last three years. Previous to their erection, a few scattered cottages, with a spare population, alone disputed possession of the fields with the gum-trees, the wild opossum, and the painted parrot.

Three years ago (1852-53,) the new-comer was glad to put up his tent in Canvas-town, and considered himself lucky if he got a small wooden cottage, of two rooms, at a rent of three or four pounds a-week. Now, a substantial brick or stone house, of five or six apartments, well plastered and finished, can be obtained for the same money. Then a female servant was not to be had; now, domestics of every description can be hired at regular fixed rates of wages, which, though very high as compared with those paid in Europe, are small to what they were in 1852 and 1853. Then the abundance of gold, the erroneous notions entertained of the wealth of the diggers who came down to Melbourne, and the scarcity of everything caused every article of food and clothing to rise greatly in price; now, the regular operations of trade have counteracted the evil. A shop in Bourke street, which formerly let for £100 per week, can now be hired for £60. In the principal streets from £500 to £5,000 have been the rates of annual rental; one fourth of this rate is, however, likely to be about the future rent.

Melbourne has also its railways in full operation. The Hobson's Bay Railway is now running its half-hourly trains; besides which, a splendid road leads to the Bay at Sandridge. A company is also formed for constructing a ship canal, and forming docks, which will be a third direct mode of communication with the Bay. A fourth road to the Bay will be the Williamstown Railway, which is rapidly progressing. The electric telegraph from Williamstown has now been some months in operation. Other great undertakings are also in progress. A large reservoir is being formed on the Plenty river, to supply the city and suburbs with water by means of pipes laid on to the houses. The Yan-Yean reservoir, for supplying Melbourne with water, will cover about 1,400 acres—which reminds one of the great works of the Assyrians, and is the largest artificial lake in the world. The whole of the works are expected to be finished in 1856. The water is to be filtered before being distributed in Melbourne, and is said by Dr. Maud to be purer than any water he had tasted in Europe. If this is so, we do not quite see the use of filtering it. Gas will soon make its appearance in the streets of Melbourne; and the principal thoroughfares are now being laid down with stone brought from Caithness, Arbroath, and the adjoining colonies.

The population of Melbourne have already acquired several colonial peculiarities. For instance, most diggers, draymen, bullock drivers, or laborers, wear their one or two large gold rings, and luxuriate in extensive beards and moustachios. A blue flannel shirt, a belt round the waist with brass buckle, and straw hat form the chief part of their dress; add to this, high knee boots, and a gay-colored handkerchief tied loosely round the neck, and you have the picture before you of a working man in Melbourne. In fact, every extravagance and peculiarity of costume is indulged in at pleasure by the dwellers in this remarkable country.

FASHIONS A L'IMPERATRICE.—Henceforward it is to be considered in bad taste to imitate the style of *coiffure* adopted by the Empress Eugenie. The expressions which fell from the lips of the Emperor upon the subject have been considered sufficient to establish the rule, "None should attempt to imitate the identity of the Sovereign," said he to the circle of ladies surrounding the Empress. "A grisette may endeavor to ape the style and demeanor of her Majesty, but to me it seems a meanness in those who come into her Majesty's daily presence to seize upon every peculiarity and turn it to account. What is but a matter of weakness and vanity on the part of the poor grisette becomes almost an offence on the part of those who approach the throne." The next day every *repentir* had disappeared from the necks of the fair ladies in waiting, and the Empress preserves the fashion alone.

GERMAN ENDURANCE.—Those who grow weary under a sermon of over thirty minutes may profitably contemplate the long suffering of the German. A traveller writes of a Sabbath's experience in a village church near Hamburg. "The forenoon service was only five hours in length, and the afternoon service four hours. The long prayer was over one hour; the explanation of a reading in Psalms was about an hour, and the sermon over two hours. The hymns were sixteen stanzas long, and eight lines to a stanza. The choir in the evening lit their lights while singing, and then extinguished them. The preacher took his tea at 10 o'clock at night, and being asked by his guests if he was not fatigued, said he was not in the least."

☞ MATHEMATICAL.—Theodore Hook once propounded the following problem:—Given C. A. B. to find Q. *Solution*:—Take your C A B through Hammersmith, turn to the left, just before you come to Brentford, and Kew is right before you.

THE GREAT AMERICAN ALOE.

The year 1855 was rendered remarkable to English florists by the fact that no less than *three* plants of that beautiful and interesting exotic the *Agave Americana*, or Great American Aloe, flowered in the open air, at Salcombe, near Kingsbridge. This place is situated at the extreme south of the county of Devon, and enjoys a climate and shelter unknown in other parts of England. Here oranges, citrons, lemons, and limes come to perfection in the open air, and are equal, if not superior to, any that are brought from abroad. One tree, a Seville orange, is known to have attained the age of 200 years. In the grounds of the different seats belonging to Lord Kinsale, Lord Courtenay, and Mrs. Walter Prideaux, they may be seen trained like peaches against the walls, and are only sheltered in the winter nights by a mat hung against them. In these gardens may also be seen healthy and vigorous plants of the American Aloe (*Agave Americana*) and various other exotics, which here flourish in the open ground, though elsewhere they are carefully kept in greenhouses and conservatories.

The first Aloe known to have flowered here did so in 1774, and hundreds of people came from great distances to see it. It was then twenty-eight years old, and grew in the grounds of Cliff House, the seat of Mrs. Walter Prideaux. The growth was very rapid, being at the rate of nine inches per day, until it reached the height of twenty-eight feet; the leaves were six inches thick and nine feet in length, and the flowers on forty-two branches innumerable.

In 1820 a second Aloe blossomed, at Woodville, then the seat of James Yates, Esq., which attained the height of twenty-seven feet, and produced forty-two flowering branches, bearing 16,000 flowers. This plant is fully described in the fifth volume of the *Transactions of the Horticultural Society*.

In 1832 a third Aloe flowered, at the Moult, the seat of Lord Courtenay, and reached the height of twenty-eight feet.

A fourth Aloe flowered in 1835, at Woodville, ornamenting the grounds with its almost countless blossoms and stately appearance: this reached the height of twenty-four feet nine inches.

In the autumn of 1840 a fifth Aloe flowered, at the Moult, and was twenty-seven feet in height. It had been transplanted the previous year, which perhaps threw it into bloom, as its leaves were not quite so large as its predecessors.

In 1842 a sixth came into bloom, at Cliff House, the residence of Mrs. Walter Prideaux. This plant was between thirty and thirty-five years of age; and, instead of throwing up a central flower stem, which is the usual manner of these plants when flowering, and as all the others that have blossomed at Salcombe have done, it shot out seven separate stalks from different parts, the principal of which were about ten feet high. From this circumstance the peculiar character of the plant was lost. Its appearance was, however, extremely beautiful, and it continued in bloom without the slightest protection through the whole of the succeeding winter.

In the autumn of the year 1847 another Aloe came into bloom at Woodville. This was a fine specimen, and formed the seventh that had flowered at Salcombe. It was twenty-eight feet high, and had the magnificent central flower-stem which is the characteristic of these splendid plants.

In the year 1850 three Aloes were in flower at once. Of these, one was in the gardens at the Moult, another in a small garden by the side of the sea, and the third flowered at Clifton House.

This one is twenty-five feet in height, and full of splendid blossoms, and was planted in 1836. It forms a beautiful specimen of these noble plants, as may be seen from the engraving, which is copied from a photograph taken in June. The color of the flower was a delicate pale green.

The other two, which are also yet in blossom, are two noble plants, and, should there be no severe frosts, will no doubt remain until late in the spring, towards the end of which they gradually die away, and are succeeded by hundreds of little suckers, each of which will in its turn become an exact copy of the parent plant.

From the thread of the Aloe that blossomed at Cliff House in 1842, after it had been prepared, numerous little articles in fancy needlework were made, which look extremely pretty.

In the different gardens above named the luxuriance of the New Zealand Flax (*Phormium tenax*) is remarkable, some immense masses being more than seven feet high, and very beautiful. They are in the strongest health, and are uninjured by the severest Devonshire winters. Two smaller plants have blossomed, the flower-stalks being between two and three feet higher than the leaves.

ANYTHING BUT THAT.—The Duke of Roquelaire was told one day in Paris that two ladies had quarrelled. "Have they called each other ugly or old?" asked the duke. "No, sir." "Very good—then I shall be able to reconcile them."

ADULTERATION OF FOOD, &C.

The select committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the adulteration of food, drinks, and drugs, met on Wednesday for the first time this session, in committee-room, No. 17, House of Commons. The committee is composed of the following members:—Mr. Wm. Scholefield (chairman), Mr. Alderman Cubitt, Viscount Ebrington, Viscount Goderich, Mr. Cowper, Mr. Gregson, Lord Claud Hamilton, Mr. Kinnard, Mr. Knight, Mr. Moffatt, Mr. Otway, Mr. Peacocke, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Swift, Mr. Villiers, and Mr. Wise.

Dr. Alfred Swaine Taylor was the first witness. He said he was professor of chemistry to Guy's Hospital, and his attention had for some years been devoted to chemistry, especially as regarded the detection of poison. He had, however, paid considerable attention to the subject of poisonous coloring used in the manufacture of confectionary. Since 1852 he found that fourteen children had died from eating poisonous confectionary. The practice of coloring ornaments in sweetmeats was most dangerous, and in 1853 a child died from eating a yellowish green ornament on a cake, which was called orpiment, but which was, in reality, sulphate of arsenic. The French Government had, by order, put down and prohibited the use of such coloring matters—first, by an ordinance in 1841, and subsequently by another ordinance issued in 1843. Vegetable colors were permitted, but any violation of this order was to be punished by a fine of 1,000 francs, or six months' imprisonment. The essential oil of almonds was most extensively used by perfumers and confectioners, and contained from six to twelve per cent. of prussic acid, and so powerful was it that, as it was easily obtained, it had been obtained for the purpose of committing suicide; and he knew one case of a woman, who took half a teaspoonful, who died in half an hour. This was commonly used by cooks for flavoring puddings, who were utterly ignorant of its dangerous and poisonous properties. It contains about 12 per cent. of prussic acid; but the essential oil of almonds could be separated from the prussic acid, but the process of distillation would increase the expense. The separation would not destroy the flavor of the essential oil. This poison was frequently sold by chemists; but lately, in consequence of the number of suicides by it, they were more careful as to whom they sold it; but still, from ignorant chemists, it was easily obtained. There was another essential oil obtained from peach stones, which also contained prussic acid. The oxide of lead was used in making a preparation for the purpose of darkening the color of hair, and he knew in one case where, a lady having used that compound, a paralysis followed, but advice was obtained and she recovered. He next adverted to the use of copper in the manufacture of pickles, and anchovies were very unnaturally colored with a dark oxide of iron; but the public preferred those that were not genuine as they had a better appearance. The red oxide of iron was harmless. Many of the fish that were brought to this country from Holland might possibly be colored here. He had examined several specimens of bread, and he had not found the quantity of alum with it that had been described. He had found the phosphate of lime and salt, and more or less earthy matter, but not in undue proportions. A small quantity of alum put in the bread he did not consider would be injurious. He had examined what were called "baking powders," which were chiefly composed of carbonate of soda, and used in the manufacture of what baker's denominated "digestive bread." The large use of that sort of bread would cause a relaxation of the bowels, but he was not prepared to say that it was directly injurious. If it was used, there ought to be a quantity of salt added. Bean flour was often mixed with wheat flour, but he did not think that was injurious. He had observed a great number of specimens of German yeast, but had found nothing particularly injurious. He had examined several kinds of beer and ale, and believed those articles to be largely adulterated with quassia, gentian, cocculus indicus, and other poisonous ingredients. In consequence of the introduction of these ingredients, some years ago he gave up drinking London porter. He did not believe that strychnine was used to produce bitterness in ale or beer, as many other bitters could be easily substituted, and the bitterness produced by strychnine was most disagreeable. Quassia was not injurious, and in fact it was a good tonic.

In the examinations he had made of London milk, he found no other adulteration, of any extent, beyond water. It was of a lower strength than the genuine article. He had examined coffee, and found it adulterated with chicory; but he did not consider its admixture injurious, and some persons even preferred the use of it to genuine coffee, as it contained a quantity of saccharine and bitter matter. Used to the extent of ten per cent., it would not be injurious, but might, if it was used beyond it. He had made examinations of different specimens of vinegar, and found it largely adulterated with sulphuric acid. The effect of it would be to destroy the surface of the stomach. He had heard that it had been stated to the committee that the vinegar that was used at the oyster-stalls in the streets was nearly all composed of sulphuric acid, but he had not examined it, and only such sorts as were purchased at shops. Sulphuric acid had an unpleasant taste, and was injurious to the teeth.

On quack medicines, Dr. Taylor said, most of the pills sold contained bitter aloes, gambogo, and other drastic substances, and they acted with great violence on weak constitutions. He thought that the time was come when some check might be put upon the manufacture of these things, without interfering too much with the liberty of the subject, as they were made by persons without care as to the quantities of the ingredients, and were given indiscriminately for all sorts of diseases, leading to premature death. Arrowroot is very much adulterated, and then the nutritive qualities are very small. Inferior arrow root is sold for the purpose of fraud. He had discovered, as regarded candles, that a large quantity of candles were manufactured and sold as sperm, and wax, both of them being sold under a name that did not belong to them.—*English Paper.*

NEBUCHEDNEZZAR EXHUMED!—SO 'TIS SAID.—It is stated that Col. Rawlinson, who is at present engaged in prosecuting the discoveries commenced by Layard and Botta, and in exhuming from the mounds of the long lost rival cities of Nineveh and Babylon, the instructive remains of this once gigantic power, has lately discovered, in state of perfect preservation, what is believed be the mummy of Nebuchednezzar. The face the rebellious monarch of Babylon, covered one of those gold masks usually found in A rian tombs, is described as very handsome—forehead high and commanding, the fe marked and regular. This interesting relic remote antiquity, is for the present preserved the museum of the East India Company.

A DAY AMONG THE PURITANS.

To rise early was not considered worthy of any remark; while not rising early would be deemed a crime. To be up by daylight was a matter of course with every family. The father was expected to move first; to strike a light with flint and steel; to kindle a fire under the kettle in which the water for the porridge was to be boiled. This done, he calls the boys, who soon appear, and, after them, the mother and daughter. One wooden wash-basin served each, in turn, for morning ablutions: and one roller sufficed for wiping all faces. Their dress is suited to their work. The father wears an old cocked-up hat; or a thick cotton hat, or thick cotton cap; no cravat, but a low shirt collar; a short frock of strongest warp; a pair of old leather breeches; and leggins which were confined above the knee, and tied over the shoe with a string round the middle of the foot. The boys had cotton caps on their heads, or the remnants of old felt hats; short jackets of the coarsest fabrics; and leather breeches with leggins.

By early dawn, the father and three eldest sons are in the cow-yard milking. This over, the youngest son drives the cows to pasture, and hastens back to the next duties. The hogs have received their allowance of buttermilk. The morning's milk has been strained and set for cream or heated to begin a cheese. Then comes the reading of the sacred Scriptures and the family prayers. Immediately afterwards following the breakfast, which in winter is by candle-light, and in summer by dawn-light. The breakfast is commenced by "asking a blessing," and closed by "returning thanks," consists of pea-porridge, dealt out before sitting down, in small wooden bowls. A small central dish has in it some shad and salted alewives; or, peradventure, some fresh eels, which the boys caught from the river the evening before. With these, brown bread and beer are served; and here ended the usual variety. Sometimes the children were regaled with samp and milk, and the father with boiled salt pork.

From the breakfast table, fathers and sons repair to the field, and are at work by six o'clock. With their tools they have taken the family gun—not so much from fear of Indians, as the hope of securing some valuable game. Sometimes a fine deer crossing their field, on his way to the river, and if they are so fortunate as to take him, it makes a feast at home; for every part is eaten.—Salted and smoked it was deemed a savory dish. By half-past eight o'clock, our laborers in the field are ready for the usual lunch, which consists of smoked shad, bread and cheese and cider.—Thus sustained till a quarter before twelve, they hear the dinner horn announcing—what the boys had been expecting with impatience—dinner. All hands break off and start for home, and are ready to sit down just as the sun is square on the window-ledge, and the sand in the hour-glass is out.

A blessing craved, they begin with the Indian pudding, and relish it with a little molasses. Next comes a piece of broiled salt pork, or black broth, fried eggs, brown bread, cabbage and cider.—They denominated dinner "boiled victuals," and their plates "wooden trenchers." Potatoes did not come into use till 1753, tea and coffee till 1700. Turnips, carrots and parsnips were cultivated. Dinner dispatched in fifteen minutes, the time till one o'clock was called "nooning," when each laborer was free to play or sleep. Nooning over, they repair to the fields, and find that a fox or a wolf has killed a sheep, and eaten his dinner. The father takes his gun and hastens in search, telling the boys "to keep at their work, and if they see the fox to whistle with all their might." The fox, that took great pains to be there when the owner was away, now takes great pains to be away when the owners are there. A drink of good beer all round at three o'clock, is the only relief in the afternoon's toil, which ends at five; at which hour the youngest son drives home the cows, and the milking is finished at six. The hogs and sheep are now called to their enclosures near the barn, where the faithful dog will guard them from their night prowling enemies.

All things being safe, supper is ready. The father takes a slice of cold broiled pork, the usual brown bread and a mug of beer, while the boys are regaled with milk porridge or hasty pudding. In their season, they had watermelons and muskmelons; and for extra occasions a little cherry wine. Sometimes they had boiled Indian corn, mixed with kidney beans. Into bean and pea porridge they put a slice of venison. They had also succotash, which is corn and beans boiled together. The meat of the shag bark was dried and pounded, and then put into their porridge to thicken it. The barley fire cake was served at breakfast. They parched corn and pounded it, and made it into a *nocake*. Baked pumpkins were common. The extra dish for company was a cake made of strawberries and parched corn. The same religious exercies as were offered at dinner are now repeated.

At seven o'clock a neighbor calls, not to ask the news, for there is none, but to propose a change of work for Tuesday next. This was agreed to, and as our ancestors made up in hearty welcome what they wanted in luxuries, a mug of cider is drunk by way of entertainment; and half-past seven finds the neighbor gone, and the household ready for family prayers. The Scriptures are read in turn—the Old Testament in the morning, and the New at night. Eight o'clock records the entire family in bed, except one of the boys, who has an inquisitive mind, and has borrowed a book on witchcraft; and he is allowed to sit up till nine, and read by the light of a pitch pine knot stuck into a hole in the chimney.—*Brooks's History of the Town of Medford.*

Life's Duties.—It must undoubtedly be the design of our gracious God, that all this toil for the supply of our physical necessities—this incessant occupation amid the things that perish—shall be no obstruction, but rather a help, to our spiritual life. The weight of a clock seems a heavy drag on the delicate movements of its machinery; but, so far from arresting or impeding those movements, it is indispensable to their steadiness, balance, accuracy. There must be some analogous action of what seems the clog and drag weight of worldly work on the finer movements of man's spiritual being. The planets in the heavens have a twofold motion—in their orbits and on their axis; the one motion not interfering, but carried on simultaneously, and in perfect harmony, with the other; so must it be that man's twofold activities round the heavenly and the earthly centre disturb not, nor jar with, each other. He who diligently discharges the duties of the earthly, may not less sedulously—nay, at the same moment, fulfill those of the heavenly sphere; at once "diligent in business," and "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."—*Caird.*

☞ Keep your temper in dispute or quarrel.—If your opponent warms, do you cool down. The blacksmith hammer fashions the red hot iron in any shape needed.

A SOFT-HEARTED THIEF.

A certain celebrated painter of animals as they never were painted before, and may never be painted again, had painted the portrait of a splendid Newfoundland dog, but he strayed or was stolen as he was returning from his last sitting. His owner was inconsolable; but, knowing the distinguished artist's large and intimate acquaintance with persons who confidentially concern themselves with other people's dogs, repaired to him for advice, and authorised him of the magnificent palette to offer ten pounds reward for the recovery of the missing favorite. The artist soon put himself into communication with one of his private friends, who asked him what kind of dog it was? "Why," says the artist, "look here; this is his picture; should you know him again?" The fellow gazed at the vividly faithful representation for a minute or two intently, and then said, "I thinks I'se got him now; I shall know him if I see him. But what's the tip?" "Ten pounds." "Werry ansome, indeed, and, worth a little trouble; but such a prime banimal as that 'ere will cost a deal of trouble to get hold on, such uncommon care is taked on 'em by them as has got 'em. Howse'er, I'll do my best;" and again he glued his eyes on the pictured dog, and then withdrew. A month elapsed without tidings of the missing Ten Pounder; but at length, in the dusk of the evening, the great artist was summoned into his painting room, and there found his confidential agent. "Well, Bill," quoth the former, "any news about the dog? I have given it up." "Oh, no, don't sir," was the reply, with a wink. "I do *really* b'lieve I've got him at last. But is the tip all safe still, and no mistake?" "Ay—have it anyway you like." "It an't a check?" asked his astute companion. "No—a ten-pound note, two fives, or sovereigns." "Well—and no questions an't to be asked? lest I should get any friends into trouble?" "Only you bring the dog, my man, and you take the money, and all's done for ever. Honor!" "Well, sir, where that word's said by a gent, there's an end of everything; so the dog will be here in half-an-hour's time, and a pretty business I've had to find him." Half-an-hour's lapse saw this little stroke of business complete, and dog and cash exchanged. "Well now, my man," said the artist, "and it's all over, though I said I wouldn't ask you a question, I can't help it, merely out of curiosity. I give you my honor that I have no other motive, and will take no steps at all in consequence of what you may tell me. Did I ever deceive you?" "No, sir, you never did." "Well—do you know who stole him?" "Quite sure you won't do nothing if I tell you?" "Honor—honor!" "Well, sir, I was the chap as prigg'd him." "You!" echoed the artist with expanded eyes, uplifted hands, and a great start. "Yes, me, sir. I took'd the dog, and no mistake." "Whew! Well—but now I'm more curious still to know why you chose to be so long out of your money—your ten pounds? Why not have brought him back in a few days and got your £10 at once?" "Cos, sir, you see, I sold un to another party for seven pounds, who took such a liking to the creature, that I hadn't the heart to steal un from him, till he'd had a week or two's comfort out on him; but as soon as he had, I know'd how to prig the dog. I, as could do it once, could do it twice—and now you've got what you want; but it certainly sounds coorious, don't it?" "Why you consummate scamp," quoth the artist, almost splitting with laughter—"you've got seventeen pounds out of the dog!" "Yes, sir, that's the figure, exact," replied the stolid Man of Dogs. "Well, but you impudent vagabond—if you could prig a dog, as you say, once and twice, you may *thrice*——" "Well, sir, so I may—but this here dog will be looked arter unkimmin close now, and I shan't run no risk." "Well, honor among thieves—eh?" "Quite correct, sir."—*Blackwood.*

Attempt to Tame a Snake.—Of the common English snake, a writer says:—"I have been trying, a great part of this summer, to domesticate a common snake, and make it familiar with me and my children; but all to no purpose, notwithstanding I favored it with my most particular attention. It was a most beautiful creature, only two feet seven inches long. I did not know how long it had been without food when I caught it; but I presented it with frogs, toads, worms, beetles, spiders, mice, and every other delicacy of the season. I also tried to charm it with music, and my children stroked and caressed it; but all in vain—it would be no more familiar with any of us than if we had been the greatest strangers to it, or even its greatest enemies. I kept it in an old barrel, out of doors, for the first three weeks; during that time, I can aver, it ate nothing; but, after a very wet night, it seemed to suffer from the cold. I then put it into a glass vessel, and set it on the parlor chimney-piece, covering the vessel with a piece of silk gauze. I caught two live mice, and put them into it; but they would sooner have died of hunger than the snake would have eaten them: they sat shivering on its back, while it lay coiled up as round as a ball of worsted. I gave the mice some boiled potatoes, which they ate: but the snake would eat neither the mice nor the potatoes. My children frequently took it out in their hands, to show it to their schoolfellows; but my wife, and some others, could not bear the sight of it. I one day took it in my hand, and opened its mouth with a penknife, to show a gentleman how different it was from the adder, which I had dead by me; its teeth being no more formidable or terrific than the teeth of a trout or eel; while the mouth of the adder had two fangs, like the claws of a cat, attached to the roof of the mouth, no way connected with its jaw-teeth. While examining the snake in this manner, it began to smell most horridly, and filled the room with an abominable odor; I also felt, or thought I felt, a kind of prickly numbness in the hand I held it in, and did so for some weeks afterwards. It made its escape from me several times by boring a hole through the gauze; I had lost it for some days at one time, when at length it was observed peeping out of a mouse-hole behind one of the cellar steps. Whether it had caught any beetles or spiders in the cellar, I cannot say; but it looked as fierce as a hawk, and hissed and shook its tongue, as in open defiance. I could not think of hurting it by smoking it out with tobacco or brimstone; but called it my fiery dragon which guarded my ale cellar. At length I caught it, coiled up on one of the steps. I put it again into an American flour-barrel; but it happened not to be the same as he had been in, and I observed a nail protruding through the staves about half-way up. This, I suppose, he had made use of to help his escape for he was missing one morning."

☞ The "refrain" of the popular song "Pop Goes the Weasel" is a complaint of some unlucky person who has been obliged to resort to the residence of my uncle, popularly known as a pop-shop. "To pop" is to pawn or hypothecate, and "weasel" is a corruption of *reiselle* (plate), a word introduced simultaneously with the Lombard fashion of pawning.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

THE DEPARTING VESSEL.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

A bark was gliding through our bay, with banners on the breeze,
And music from the crowded deck rang o'er the rippling seas;
There was no cloud in all the sky, no mist upon the shore,
And yet a moisture filled my eyes—a voice cried:—"Nevermore!"
A voice cried: "Nevermore, perhaps, shall some on board that ship,
Who leave a land of love in search of wealth far o'er the deep,
Return to dear and kindred hearts, that now are sore and sad,
Though all unselfishly they show a visage calm or glad."

Youth leaves us with a laughing lip, for hope is at its core,
And shows successful enterprise upon a glittering shore;
But age upon the voyager looks sadly, for it sees
The grave that bereth meeting here, beneath ancestral trees!
Oh, mother! take thy last fond look—thy poverty to-day
Shall have one mouth the less to feed, since he hath gone away!
Oh, mother! cherish yet a hope that Time for thee and him
May bring a welcoming embrace, though now thine eyes are dim!

Oh, son! the mother's tears that bathe thy cheeks are holy, they
Should purify thy heart from ill—then keep them wet for aye
Within thy memory, there to speak of her whose earnest prayers
May watch and hover o'er thy path 'midst manifold despairs!
The music from that gallant bark, as slowly it recedes,
Grows fainter at each onward sweep across the briny meads;
I cannot now discern the tune, whose gay and sparkling tones
Seem strangely mixed with sea-birds' cries and rising ocean's moans.

And as the distant sounds in bursts of song fall on my ear,
Before my wakeful fancy vivid memories appear;
The dying echoes rouse a troop of phantoms at each strain,
And swarms of thoughts, like bees from hives, float upwards from my brain!
I see the shapes of forms beloved flit past me, though I know
That they no longer move in life through life's long walks of woe;
I hear the voices of dear friends, who never more to me
Can speak those accents that gave life a pleasure sweet to see!

The music's last faint cadence, as it comes upon the wind,
Like a dying bird that leaves the sea its grave ashore to find,
Fills all my thoughts with sadness deep, which makes me seem to be
Left lonely and unloved by all who sought or cherished me!
Thus age and sickness summon up dark images that lend
A morbid coloring to scenes where brightest beauties blend;
No marvel that the solitary wanderer here below
Hears many a dirge that none else hears, sees many a secret woe!
Hopes, wishes, aims, belong to youth—with youth and health they flee,
As fleeteth with yon fleeting ship the music o'er the sea.
In youth we wish and hope—but ah! when age doth o'er us fall,
And care attends our stumbling steps, we *fear to wish at all!*

A Costly Wife.—The London News relates the following curious case in which a dead wife proved to be more costly than a living one:

The following curious circumstance is just now creating some merriment in commercial circles. A Yankee captain, whose cargo was consigned to Messrs. Baring & Co., had the misfortune to lose his wife, who was on board with him on the voyage, and being reluctant to throw her body overboard, resolved upon bringing her to England, there to receive proper sepulture. A portion of his cargo consisted of oil of cinnamon.—The captain took a sufficient quantity, and placed the body in it, thus effectually embalming it for the remainder of the voyage. On arriving at the port of London, the Yankee captain called upon the parties to whom the oil was consigned, and requested to know how much he was to pay for the quantity of oil he had used. He was astounded at being told that the value of the oil so used was £900, and that he must immediately pay over that sum. Of course, this was out of the question, and the captain was soon afterwards arrested for the amount, but was bailed by Messrs. Baring, who, it is reported, have satisfied the owners. The Customs authorities, having been made acquainted with the circumstances, refused to allow the cinnamon oil to be landed. The Yankee captain will have to take the oil back to America, and there dispose of it. The oil is used for flavoring pies, pastry and perfumery.

Double Lily of the Valley.—This beautiful novelty is beginning to spread a little among us. It has been known for many years in this neighborhood, but has only of late been procurable. It is one of the very valuable additions to our spring bloomers.

☞ A Mayo paper mentions it as a significant sign of the progress of Irish prosperity, that the number of marriages at the present marrying season is much greater than it has been for a long series of years.

RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE.

Mr. Caird's sermon—that sermon recently delivered in Scotland before Queen Victoria, and published at her solicitation—strikes at the very heart and root of all our living—it is not a recommendation of good things or good books, or any exclusive manner of existence, but a simple laying open of that great secret which is the very atmosphere and breath of religion. "Neither on this mountain nor at Jerusalem, but in spirit and in truth." This preacher is not content that anything which God has cleansed should be called common or unclean—he will not consent that a tithe of our faculties and emotions, like a tithe of our lands or our riches, should be reserved for God, making careful separation between the profane and the holy. He is willing, as Paul was, that we should have full use of all our powers, which Heaven knows are small enough for all that has to be borne and done in this laborious world. Strange argument to quicken those dull toils which even good men call secular and worldly!—strange charm to speed the plough, to guide the ship, to hasten every day's triumphant labors through its full tale of animated hours! "Whatsoever you do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men." It is on this great principle of life and labor that the author of this able exposition founds his reasonings, as he shows us how well he may reconcile diligence in business with fervor of spirit, and brighten ordinary occupations with the full force and radiance of godliness. The lesson comes with especial force in these days, when we are beguiled by the most sweet voices of the Ritualist and the Mystic on either side of us, and are much persuaded to a vulgar disparagement of the honest necessary work of this earth. How it may become holy work—and how we ourselves, surrounded by its cares, vexations, and trials, are in reality placed in the most advantageous position for proving and glorifying our Lord and Leader, who had share of all these labors before us, is the burden of this message; and we do not doubt it will show to many men, how much nearer than they suspected, even in their very hands and households, if they will but do it, lies the work of the Lord.

Preachers and religious writers, as a general principle, are strangely timid of permitting to the Church any intercourse, more than necessity compels, with the world; and we fear our good ministers would be sadly disconcerted were they compelled to consider with Paul what it would be right to do, "if any of them that believe not, bid you to a feast, and yet be disposed to go"—a hypothesis which, however, does not much alarm the Apostle. But Mr. Caird, with a singular boldness, takes the very "world itself—the coarse, profane, common world, with its cares and temptations, its rivalries and competitions," as the true "school for learning the art" of religious living; and is no advocate for theoretical and self-secluding Christianity. "No man," he says, "can be a thorough proficient in navigation who has never been at sea, though he may learn the theory of it at home. No man can become a soldier by studying books on military tactics in his closet; he must in actual service acquire those habits of coolness, courage, discipline, address, rapid combination, without which the most learned in the theory of strategy or engineering will be but a schoolboy soldier after all. * * * Tell us not, then, that the man of business, the bustling tradesman, the toil-worn laborer, has little or no time to attend to religion. As well tell us that the pilot, amid the winds and storms, has no leisure to attend to navigation—or the general on the field of battle to the art of war. When *will* he attend to it? Religion is not a perpetual moping over good books—religion is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinances: these are necessary to religion—no man can be religious without them. But religion, I repeat, is mainly and chiefly the glorifying God amid the duties and trials of the world—the guiding our course amid the adverse winds and currents of temptation by the starlight of duty and the compass of Divine truth—the bearing us manfully, wisely, courageously, for the honor of Christ, our great Leader, in the conflict of life."

A Sensible Suggestion.—A writer in the Country Gentleman thus suggests a novel improvement—that of affixing the names of the occupants of farm-houses, as well as city or village houses, upon the doors and gates:—"I have scarcely ever rode in the country without thinking how much a matter of convenience and satisfaction would be the general adoption of this practice among the agricultural community. There is certainly a much greater propriety for a farmer putting his name upon his door, when near the road, or upon his gate-post, when his house stands back, than for persons residing in cities."

Rocking-Chairs.—A medical writer says that the rocking-chairs, as now constructed, ought never to be used, for they produce a double bend of the spine inwardly, and of the shoulders forward, which is preventive of free respiration. He says they might be constructed to flare exactly the other way—their sides warping inwardly, and their tops turning backward—thus warping the sitter backward instead of forward, with infinite benefit.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

[See Engraving.]

As Mr. Buchanan is now occupying a considerable share of public attention, as a conspicuous candidate for a Presidential nomination, we have thought that the accompanying likeness would prove of interest to all parties.

Mr. Buchanan was born on the 23rd day of April, 1791, near Mercersburg, Franklin county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of an industrious farmer of that county, who had little to leave his children, except a good education. James was his eldest son. His collegiate education was received at Dickinson College, where he graduated in 1809. He selected the law as his profession, and studied in the office of James Hopkins. His political career commenced in the year 1814, when, at the age of twenty-three, he was elected to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, in which body he soon became distinguished for his zealous advocacy of the war in which we were then engaged with England. After serving two terms he returned to the practice of his profession. In the year 1821, he was elected to Congress by a large majority from the district composed of the counties of Lancaster, Chester and Delaware. He continued in Congress for ten years, having been elected for five consecutive terms, during which he became conspicuous for his eloquence and ability. During the session of 1824–5 he espoused the cause of Andrew Jackson, as a candidate for the Presidential chair, and was a prominent actor in the stirring scenes of that eventful session. From that time forward, he continued a devoted and unwavering supporter of General Jackson. It was during the first two years of Jackson's administration, that Mr. Buchanan served his last term in the House of Representatives; but his relations of confidence with the President did not terminate with the conclusion of his term of service in the House; on the contrary, they continued undiminished not only to the close of Jackson's term of office, but even to the hour of his death. The limited space at our command does not permit more than this brief allusion to Mr. Buchanan's career as a member of the House. Mr. Buchanan's service in the House terminated on the 4th of March, 1831. On the 4th of January, 1832, he was appointed, by President Jackson, Minister to Russia.

At the session of the legislature succeeding his return from Europe, he was elected a Senator in Congress, and presented his credentials in the United States Senate, on the 8th of December, 1834; where he was continued, by the unanimous vote of the Democratic members of the Legislature, until the 4th of March, 1845. In that year he was appointed by President Polk to fill the first place in his cabinet, as Secretary of State.

At the close of President Polk's administration, Mr. Buchanan retired to private life, at his home of "Wheatland," in Lancaster county, where he remained until called by President Pierce to serve as Minister to England, which position he has recently resigned. His friends are now pressing his claims to a nomination for the Presidency, by the Democratic party.

A Physician's Evidence on Dancing.—That beautiful, graceful accomplishment of dancing, so perverted by late hours and the indecency of fashionable attire, has outraged many sensible people, and led them to deprive the young of one of the most simple and healthful enjoyments, because it has been abused. For myself, I can testify not only to its healthful, but to its recuperative power. The fortieth, nay, the fiftieth year of my age, found me enjoying this life-cheering exercise. It should be one of the earliest amusements of children, and care should be taken by parents that it is understood as an amusement.

While I am on this topic, I will mention a case that occurred in my practice. A thoughtful, anxious mother, who had lost three children, brought to me her only remaining child—a daughter. Her temperament nervous bilious—the nervous fearfully predominant; with great irritability of the system, peevish, passionate, dyspeptic, sleepless; of course, exacting, arbitrary, and uncomfortable; the poor child looked sad, old, morbid, and miserable. She had been to school, because her parents thought it an amusement for her to be with other children. After critically examining her physiognomy, I said to her mother, "What is the temperament of your husband?" "The same as my own," she replied. "Then the child is doubly stamped," I continued, "and very vigorous measures must be used if you expect to restore her health. Divorce her immediately from anything mental so far as memorizing is concerned—then send her to dancing school, that she may combine exercise with order and melody, and thus some of her rough edges may be rounded." The child—her large eyes wide open with wonder and delight—interrupted me with—"Dancing school! Oh, how I've longed to go! but mother says it's wrong, and leads me to wickedness." What a dilemma for a physician! what a dilemma for a child! "Did you ever intend your daughter to play the piano, guitar, or other musical instrument?" said I to the mother. "Oh, yes, was the answer. "Why," I continued, "why show such partiality to the upper extremities? The hands are rendered happy as a medium of melody: the feet are rendered equally happy in the same way." A nice afternoon school received this little girl, who grew in health and harmony every month as she followed the hygienic rules prescribed for her. Dancing is a healthful, beautiful, graceful, recreation, and it is not responsible for the abuses luxury has thrown around it. The vulgarisms and excitements of the ball-room have no more to do with the simple enjoyment of the dance than the rich wines and sumptuous banquets of the gourmand, in whom they induce disease, have to do with the temperate repasts that satisfy the natural wants of the body.—*Dr. Harriett K. Hunt.*

Sensible Suggestion.—The mode of introducing animal food into towns is such that a great portion of it must be carried off by drains, and left to decompose, not being useful for food. By introducing living animals, and slaughtering them in towns you bring in, ostensibly for food, the whole of the animal—perhaps only two-thirds being really useful for food. The unnecessary part must remain to decompose, or be carried out, or be an additional accumulation to be washed away in drains. I should deem it desirable to make a law that the slaughtering of animals should take place out of towns altogether.—*Arnott.*

☞ A German writer, in a recent article on orthography, gives the following as the pronunciation of certain English words: "Bockwiet, tschortch, schihf, totsch." Who, even among those familiar with German, would ever suppose that these strange-looking words were intended to set forth the sound of buckwheat, church, sheaf, and touch?

A WORD FOR THE MINISTERS.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

"I don't believe in ministers! They're a lazy, good-for-nothing set. I'll not give my hard-earned money to help one of them live in his ease!"

There—is that all, my good friend? Well, you feel relieved now, don't you? I dare say your stomach will digest food easier; that the little gold dollars will not stick so tight to your fingers, through fear of falling into a "good-for-nothing" minister's pocket.

Let us see—you don't believe in ministers! Not even in those who are really and truly filling the part of true shepherd of the flock! Eh! you don't? I suspect there will be a time when you believe in them; when you would send a man upon that great, beautiful "gray" of yours, through the mud and rain to look up "one of the cloth!" Yes, yes, when your daughter Maggie, or Mary, or Nelly, (pray, what is that pretty name of hers?) has the white dress and orange buds all ready; and you are to have a wedding in your pleasant home—then you'll want a minister, and you'll have one, too! It wouldn't look well to have an Esq. preside at a marriage. It wouldn't suit your sweet daughter's ideas of propriety, and of course you could not entertain an opinion opposite to hers, when she sat so cozily upon your knee, and with her lips (lips that you had kissed when they were smeller than a parted rose leaf) close to your ear, whispered in just the most coaxing way in the world—"You'll send for a minister, won't you, father." Of course that would settle the matter. You'd believe in a minister, for once.

Ah! my friend—and I "would na' wonder" if there came another day, when feet, that had tripped beside yours were still, and hands that had smoothed your damp locks when you were weary were folded above a silent heart; and eyes that for years had kept the clear, heart-light for you, could look into yours no more;—when a grave had been hallowed, and one dearest than your own life was to go down into it forever—I would "na' wonder," if, with all your boasted strength, you believed in ministers then. You would want some one to come and tell you of a love greater and tenderer, and faithfuler than yours! You would need some one to stand beside you when that coffin, with its precious dust, went down to the dimness and the silence to point you to a world where no graves are made, and where tears are never shed over broken ties?

You "won't pay your hard-earned money to support one of them in his ease!"

Try it—change life with "one of them" for a year. Give up your broad lands—*your* fine dwelling—the farm-stock upon which you pride yourself—give it all, for one year, to some faithful, country-village pastor, and take you his abode and his surroundings.

There, you are all in trim, (though your black coat is a good deal worn, quite threadbare). To begin, you must walk (you have no horse and buggy) ten, twenty, thirty miles, to "rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep;" you can preach in the village every Sabbath, and in out-of-the-way places every week; and when you get home of a Saturday night, after a week's hard labors, completely drenched with rain, bespattered with mud, and chilled with the piercing wind; and are told that Mr. R—— did not like your sermon last Sabbath, and Mrs. S—— is not going to hear you preach again; when Netty climbs to your knee, with a wish for a nice, warm dress, and you wonder where it is to come from; and Benny sticks up his little bare feet, and you don't know where the shiners are to buy the boots; and your pale-faced, care-worn wife leans her head against the back of her arm-chair, and looks ready for the grave-rest, because you cannot hire help; and that provision bill stares you in the face.

Go through it all, friend; see it, feel it, and if you are not better than I fear you are, the thought of doing good will not sustain you. You will remember just then that you are trying an experiment, and like a bird to its nest will you flee to your sunny home, and allow your "good-for-nothing, lazy minister to go back to his life of ease."

Oh, my friend, if you have a minister—a real, faithful, devoted minister—take care of him, for he is God's good gift to you. You need him—your family need him—your neighborhood need him—your society need him; don't kill him, by allowing him to enjoy his very easy life alone; but step up, like a brother, beside him, and lift part of the burden to your own shoulders. Put out your hand and help him, and in return he will lead you along the green paths and sunny slopes that wind up the mount of righteousness, and finally to the presence of "the just made perfect."

Mrs. F. Woolley Gillette.

The Wonders of the Microscope.—The recent astonishing discoveries of Ehrenburg, a Prussian naturalist, have given a new aspect to this department of animated nature, even in a geological point of view. He has described seven hundred and twenty-two living species which swarm almost everywhere, even in the fluid of living and healthy animals in countless numbers. Formerly they were thought to be the most simple of all animals in their organization: to be, in fact, little more than mere particles of matter endowed with vitality; but he has discovered in them mouths, teeth, stomachs, muscles, nerves, glands, eyes, and organs of reproduction. Some of the smallest animalcule are not more than the twenty-four thousandth of an inch in diameter, and the thickness of the skin of their stomachs not more than the fifty millionth part of an inch. In their modes of reproduction they are vaporous, oviparous, and gemmiparous. An individual of the Hydatina senta increased in ten days to one million, on the eleventh day to four millions, and on the twelfth day to sixteen millions. In another case, Ehrenburg says that one individual is capable of becoming in four days one hundred and seventy billions! Leuwenhoeck calculated that one million animalculæ, such as occur in common water, would not altogether make a mass so large as a grain of sand.

Ehrenberg estimates that five hundred millions of them do actually exist in a single drop of water. In the Alps there is sometimes found a snow of red color; and it has been recently ascertained by M. Shuttleworth that the coloring matter is composed chiefly of Infusoria, with some plants of the tribe of Algæ. And what is most singular is, that when the snow had been melted for a short time, so as to become a little warmer than the freezing point, the animals die, because they cannot endure so much heat. A specimen of meteoric paper which fell from the sky in Courtland, in 1845, has been examined by Ehrenberg, and found to consist, like the red snow, of Conferva and Infusoria. Of the latter he found twenty-nine species. Surprising as these facts are, it will perhaps seem still more incredible that the skeletons of these animals should be found in a fossil state, and actually constitute nearly the whole mass of soils and rocks, several feet in thickness, and extending over areas of many acres. Yet this, too, has been ascertained by the same acute Prussian naturalist.

NEWS ITEMS.

"Petitions," says the French papers, "have been adopted in various parts of France, praying that the infant to which the Empress will shortly give birth be named, if a Prince, King of Algeria."

Steel Tires.—At the works of F. Crupp, of Essen, in Westphalia, tires are formed of cast steel in a very ingenious manner. A flat bar of steel is taken, two holes bored in the ends of the bar, and by powerful machinery is cut through from hole to hole. It is then opened out, and between rollers a perfect tire is made without weld. This celebrated manufactory has on exhibition at its works, a tire, which, after running thirty thousand miles, presents scarcely any appearance of wear on its surface.

Ice in a Water Pipe.—One of the strongest evidences of cold weather during the past winter, was discovered in a water pipe on Girard Avenue, near Sixteenth street. The pipe was four inches in diameter, and buried four feet three inches below the grade of the street, in a gravel soil. When dug up the bore was filled with solid ice. We are informed that such a thing had never been known to occur in this city during any previous winter.

The Nova Scotia Legislature has passed the Maine Liquor Law by 2? to 20, to go into effect immediately.

The Pennsylvania Canal.—The water was let into the Pennsylvania Canal on Monday week.

A Lawyer's Disfranchisement.—The Fitchburg Reveille expresses a fear that Rufus Choate cannot stand the writing test which it is proposed to incorporate in the constitution of Massachusetts. It knows of an instance in which a board of Lyceum directors were unable to tell by the answer of that distinguished gentleman whether or not he had accepted their invitation to lecture, after a laborious and vain effort to decipher his scrawl.

A California paper says that the price of champagne is "eternal vigilance" and $3,50 per gallon.

J. F. Anger, of London, England, has secured a patent for a new alloy of metal, composed of copper, zinc and magnesia, which resembles gold in many respects.

The Illinois brought $1,260,000 in gold. The missing account books of Adams & Co. had been washed ashore near San Francisco. A bill to divide California into three States has been introduced into the Legislature. An Indian battle has occurred at Puget Sound. The removal of Gen. Wool is asked for by the Oregon Legislature.

The American schooner Maria E. Smith has been captured by the Brazilian brig of war Olinda, while attempting to land in Brazil 320 African slaves. The commander and crew, all Americans, were thrown into prison. The schooner left the African coast with 500 blacks on board, but they were so closely packed and so badly fed, that 180 died on the passage, and 64 more soon after being landed.

Singing by Congregation.—The Washington Street Orthodox Church, at Beverly, after a variety of experience in having singing by a choir, last week, voted to dispense with the services of regular choir, and have the singing done by the congregation. The new plan was tried on Sunday last with excellent success, the people joined in the singing with admirable promptness and good effect.

(Grand Lottery Scheme Broken Up.—On Tuesday week, when the drawing of a "Gift Enterprise Distribution" was about commencing at the Merchants' Exchange Hotel, Boston, Mass., the police made a sudden descent and captured the persons engaged in the drawing, taking them, with their implements, to the Chief's office, where they were held to bail in $2,000 each. Several letters, addressed "Bliss & Co.," the ostensible managers, and containing various sums of money, were also taken by the police.

M. Leverrier states, in a letter to the French Minister of Public Instruction, that he is firmly persuaded that a great number of small planets are situated between Mars and Jupiter, and that before 1860 nearly 100 will certainly be discovered.

Destruction of Sweet Potatoes in Georgia.—An Atalanta (Ga.) paper says:—Complaint of the destruction of the sweet potato seed by the late extraordinary cold weather comes to us from all parts of the State. It seems now probable that this crop will in the next year be almost entirely cut off. The importance of the loss may be estimated by the fact that Georgia produced in 1850, 6,986,428 bushels of sweet potatoes.

To Keep Eggs.—During a long voyage to South America, it was noticed how fresh the eggs continued to be. The steward was called on for his secret. He said that as he purchased his stock, he packed it down in small boxes—raisin boxes—and afterwards, about once a week, turned over every box but the one out of which he was using. This was all. The reason of his success is, that by turning the eggs over, he kept the yolks about the middle of the albumen. If still the yolk will after a while find its way through the white to the shell, and when it does so, the egg will spoil. Hens understand this fact, for they, as is well known, turn over their eggs on which they set at least daily.—*Country Gentleman.*

Employment of Females.—The extension of the field of employment for the many females who have to support themselves (and often some of their relations)—and whose remuneration, in the ordinary spheres of employment, is brought down by excessive competition—is receiving increased attention. Their successful employment in telegraphing has already been noticed. The Spectator says that the Master of the Rolls, Sir John Romilly, has appointed a "clerkess" in the State Paper Office—a married lady, with four children.—*English Paper.*

The foreign dead letter mails, composed of correspondence from distant countries, and not applied for by the persons to whom addressed, has been made up to due form at the General Post-Office, and returned as follows:—To England, 26,000 letters; Bremen, 4,000; Cologne, 48,000; Nova Scotia, 500; New Brunswick, 550, and 7,000 to Canada.

Railroad Consolidation.—The Pittsburg Post says the basis of an arrangement has been made by parties representing the several companies forming the line of Railroad from Pittsburg to Chicago, via Cresline and Fort Wayne, to consolidate these roads into one company, to run in close connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad from Chicago to Philadelphia.

Hemming Apparatus.—By S. P. Chapin, of New York City.—This contrivance is an attachment to sewing machines, and its object is to fold over the edges of the cloth into the proper condition for hemming, while the cloth is being fed into the machine. There are a great many species of garments and articles made by the aid of sewing machines, on portions of which some hemming is required. The invention here noticed is capable of a variety of applications, and is a highly useful improvement.—*Scientific American.*

It is stated on Government authority in Lombardy, that no less than 10,000 persons have left the Roman Catholic Church. The criminal prosecutions against Protestants have recommenced.

The Baptists in Prussia are to be relieved from the proscriptions now weighing upon them, by order of the King.

A London gentleman named Hands, has patented a discovery by which he claims to preserve meats perfectly fresh and juicy, without recourse to hermetically sealing. The meat after being prepared according to his method, may be hung in a dry place for almost any length of time without deteriorating sufficiently for the most careful epicure to be able to distinguish it, when cooked, from fresh killed meat. The same process of preservation is also applicable to vegetable substances.

A Jingling Town.—Middle Haddam, Connecticut, makes a great deal of noise in the world for a small town. One million tax, dinner, and sleigh bells are there made and sold annually.

We did not know, until the statement met our eye in one of the letters of the Nicaragua correspondent of the New York Herald, that General Washington had been canonized. The writer mentions that there is a church at Rivas, over the principal portal of which is a very well executed bust of our *Pater Patria*, and, on inquiry, of a native of the town, he was informed it was a bust of the good saint George Washington.

Aims to Soldiers.—The French government gives every soldier who has lost a limb an artificial arm or leg of the best construction.

A Costly Bubble.—It is stated that the new dome on the capitol at Washington, will cost nine hundred and forty-five thousand dollars. This sum would build a first class steam frigate; but then the dome, when once up, will last forever, and the frigate would be nowhere in a very few years.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Pennsylvania.—The Union Convention of the opponents of the National Administration, held at Harrisburg on the 26th ult., was largely attended by representatives of the Whig, American and Republican parties. Judges Jessup and Wilmot were present. The regular resolutions were unanimously adopted. They recommend a union of all the elements of opposition to the National Administration; condemn the course of the Administration with reference to the Missouri Compromise and affairs in Nebraska and Kansas; oppose the extension of slavery into territory once consecrated to freedom or to territory now free, and, charging the Administration with pandering to foreign influence, repudiate it therefor. They oppose the interference of the Government in the affairs of foreign nations; oppose the division of the school fund for any purpose which impairs or endangers its integrity, and highly compliment the State Administration.

An amendment condemning the appointment of foreigners to office was carried by 82 to 83. An amendment taking more decided anti-slavery ground was indefinitely postponed.

Thomas E. Cochran (old line Whig), of York, was nominated for Canal Commissioner; Bartholomew Laporte, of Bradford, (Republican) for Surveyor General; and Darwin Phelps, of Armstrong, (American) for Auditor General.

The New License Bill of Pennsylvania.—The Report of the Conference Committee has been adopted in the Senate unanimously, 6 absent; and in the House by 64 to 32. This bill is a stringent one, and requires that the applicant for a license in cities and county towns must have four rooms and eight beds for the use of travelers. None but tavern-keepers can sell less than a gallon of spirituous liquors. Not more than one hotel to every one hundred taxables may be licensed in the cities, not more than one to every hundred and fifty taxables in the counties, to be apportioned among the wards of the cities, and boroughs and townships of the counties, as the convenience and necessities of the public may require. All hotels, inns and taverns are to be classified and rated according to the estimated yearly rental of the house and property. The first class, when the valuation is $10,000; shall pay $1,000; where the valuation is $8,000, the rate shall be $800, and so on down, in the same proportion, to $25, except in Philadelphia, where the lowest rate of hotel license is fixed at $75; in county towns and boroughs of over two hundred taxables, $50; in the country, $25.

One eating house to every four hotels may be licensed in the city and county, with the privilege to sell domestic wines and malt liquors only—the license fee not to be less than $50 in Philadelphia and Allegheny counties, and $20 in other parts of the State. Brewers and distillers are to pay double the rates of license now fixed by law, which shall, in no case be less than $50, and must not sell in less quantities than five gallons, except in the case of brewers who also bottle their liquors, who may sell by the dozen bottles. Retailers of liquors, with or without merchandize, are to pay double the rates now required of them, but not less than $50 in any case, and will not be allowed to sell in less quantities than one gallon. Bottlers of porter, ale, cider, and other brewed liquors, and manufacturers of domestic wine, may sell in quantities of not less than one dozen bottles without license. Importers of wines and liquors may sell in the original bale, cask or package, on paying double the former rates.

Public notice is to be given, three times, in two newspapers, of the names of the applicants for licenses, and petitions must be signed by twelve reputable citizens. The Board of Licensers is appointed by the Court, and consists of three reputable citizens, in no manner interested in the liquor business. Any person found intoxicated in a street, public house, or public place, will be liable to a fine of five dollars; and persons who sell enough liquor to make any one drunk are also to be fined five dollars, in addition to all the penalties prescribed by any existing law.

The penalties for a violation of the act are a fine of not less than ten nor more than one hundred dollars, for the first offence; and for a second, or subsequent conviction, the same penalty and also imprisonment not less than one nor more than three months, forfeiture of license, and incapacity to receive another license for five years thereafter.

The effect of this law will be to reduce greatly the number of places at which liquor may be bought legally. Whether it will tend to increase the number of unlicensed tippling-houses, will depend in a great measure upon the vigilance of those who administer the laws. Under the new act there will still be something like a thousand licensed houses in Philadelphia, which number is certainly enough for all the proper wants of the community.

The Kansas Investigating Committee.—It is understood that Messrs. Sherman, Howard, and Oliver, of Missouri, accept the positions assigned to them on this committee, and are preparing to leave Washington as soon as possible for Kansas. Ex. Gov. Reeder left for the Territory on the passage of the resolution. Gen. Whitfield will go out, of course, with the committee.—*Washington Star.*

Ohio.—Hon. E. B. Bartlett, President of the National American Council, has announced that he will immediately revoke and annul the charter of the State Council of Ohio, in consequence of the action just had repudiating the nomination of Fillmore and Donelson. The Fillmoreites, to the number of fifty, who bolted from the State Council after that act, have organized a new State Council, under authority granted by Mr. Bartlett. They represented fourteen counties out of about ninety.

New York.—The Court of Appeals, on the same grounds as the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, has decided that the Prohibitory Liquor Law in its search and seizure clauses is unconstitutional. It further decides that any Prohibitory Law which interferes with and affects property already in possession, is unconstitutional and void. That the present law is wholly unconstitutional, for the reason that it applies to property now in possession, as well as to that to be hereafter acquired; but that the Legislature has power to pass a Prohibitory Law to apply to liquor to be hereafter purchased.

A new bill has been reported in the Senate, so amended as to do away with the objections of the Court of Appeals. The search and seizure clauses are stricken out, and it authorizes trial by jury.

Wisconsin.—Mr. Bashford (Republican) has been recognized as Governor by the Assembly (37 to 9). Mr. McArthur has concluded to act as Lieut. Governor.

The bill to restore capital punishment has been indefinitely postponed in the Assembly. Notwithstanding a mob in Wisconsin within the last year, hung by lynch law, a man for murder, it appears that a majority of the people are against capital punishment.

Kansas.—It is stated that Judge Locompte, of Kansas, has caused the indictment of the members of the Free State Legislature, and that several of them had been arrested, and others had left the territory.

Emigrants are beginning to pour into the Territory from both the Free and Slave States. It is supposed that the presence of the Committee of Congress will effectually repress all strife and disorder, as each party will wish to present itself in the best light.

St. Louis, March 31st.—General Lane, U. S. Senator elect, from the *State* of Kansas for the short term arrived here on Saturday, *en route* for Washington.

The U. S. District Court of Kansas is to meet at Lecompton on the 7th of April, when the legality of the election of the Members of the Legislature, Governor and other State Officers will be presented to the Grand Jury. Affairs in Kansas are now quiet.

Washington.—The National Republican committee, after conference with the leading Anti-Nebraska members, has issued an Address inviting the people of the United States, without regard to past differences or divisions, who are opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the policy of the present Administration, and who are in favor of the exclusion of slavery from the territories, of the admission of Kansas as a free State, and restoring the action of the Federal government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson, to send from each State three delegates from each of their respective Congressional districts, and six delegates at large, to meet in Philadelphia on the 17th of June next, for the purpose of recommending candidates to be supported for the office of President and Vice President of the United States.

Col. Forney has withdrawn from the "Washington Union,"—he being an ardent advocate of Buchanan, while the Union is for Pierce. The "Union" recently astonished the political world a little, by saying:—"It is no part of the creed of a Democrat, as such, either to advocate or oppose the extension of slavery. He may do the one or the other, in the exercise of his rights as a citizen, and not offend against the Democratic fealty."

Massachusetts.—In the Assembly, on the 27th ult., a resolution so to amend the constitution that no person shall hold office in the State unless born in the United States, was defeated, a two-third vote being required. The vote stood 166 for, to 128 against.

The Chemistry of Food.—Liebig has been lecturing recently at Munich, the capital of Bavaria, upon the chemistry of food. A correspondent of the New York Tribune furnishes the following abstract of the views of the great chemist in regard to the particular merits of beer:

Beer is worthless for the formation of blood; it is of value only to support respiration and to supply warmth. The nitrogenous portion of the barley becomes soluble in brewing, passes off in the sweet beer, and is separated partly by boiling and partly by fermentation, as lees. A little of the drugs remain; the brewer makes it it as little as possible, or else the beer sours easily. A chemist of Munich eleven years ago asserted that our brown beer contained gum, two grains to the quart. Throwing out of account the nitrogen which appears in beer in the form of ammonical salts, and estimating only that which it presents as gum, a man who drinks eleven pints of beer per day, would get no more gum in a whole year than a five-pound loaf of bread furnishes. Beer serves to make people fat who are thin in flesh; it has the same effect as starch in bread. It has its value in supplying warmth, but not in the formation of blood. It has its use also as a means of enjoyment and as a stimulant to the nerves; but that does not come into the account of chemistry; chemically, the use of meat may be recommended with bread instead of beer. Liebig intimated, in conclusion, that the best proportions of food for use were one of nitrogen to three of carbon—the proportions in woman's milk.

Warlike Appearance of the Zouaves.—A letter from Paris, describing the splendid reception of the return regiments from the Crimea, says: "When the Zouave regiments came on, I felt that I had never till then seen soldiers.—They are not to be described—at least by me—with their remorseless tread, and eager, passionate faces; their spare, firm, nervous limbs, picturesque uniforms, and looks of indomitable resolve and untiring energy—on they came, and the vast crowd swayed and rocked backward and forward with the excess of their emotion, while the wild, ruthless notes of the Pas de Zouaves (Zouave step) rang through the air and through one's nerves simultaneously. Such music as it is, with the incessant, almost maddening roll of the innumerable drums, and the fifes which seem vying with them."

Inferiority of the New Metal.—According to M. Regnault, the celebrated director of the Government Porcelain Manufactory at Sevres, aluminium is far from possessing the advantages imputed to it. From the experiments he has made, it now appears certain that aluminium has no chance of ever competing with silver in color or brilliancy. It is found almost impossible to produce it in a pure state. The specimens shown at the Universal Exhibition, when analyzed by M. Regnault, were found to contain 6.60 per cent. of copper, 2.50 of iron, and 1.50 of silicum. The iron and silicum are, therefore, present in sufficient quantity to change the color and diminish the ductility of the aluminium. It is extremely brittle, not easily drawn, and is an exception to the general atomic theory.

Church Rates Made but Not Enforced.—We have at this moment on our table returns from 238 parishes. In 109 of these no rates have been proposed at all during the last year. Of the remaining 129, the rates in 99 were declared carried by the chairman, and will so appear in Lord R. Cecil's return, if that is ever made up; 66 of these were refused payment; and including the rates submitted to, 47 only out of the whole were levied. In no case were any recusants cited into the Ecclesiastical Courts; and in not a few of the odium attendant on distraints in former years was the cause of their now being abandoned. We may add that these returns are obtained almost exclusively from rural, and, indeed, village parishes.—*The Liberator (English.)*

Singular Occurrence.—In clearing up one of the rooms at Stanwix Hall yesterday, a waiter discovered a cat so crowded into a boot, that it was with difficulty that she could be extricated.—Having got her out, the next question in order was, "How did she get in?" This was leading to a long-winded dispute, when one of the bystanders took up the boot, gave it a shake, and tossed a half-grown rat upon the floor. The discovery of the rat solved the riddle. The rat, to escape the cat, rushed into the boot; the cat, to secure a game dinner, rushed after him, and with such force that she could not back out again.—Learn wisdom from pussy, and never "go it blind," even in a good cause.—*Albany Knickerbocker, 21st.*

Properly Punished.—An exchange paper says that M. De Sartiges, the French Minister, has been actually banished from Washington society by the force of fashionable will. And why? It chanced that, in his odd, fanciful way, he recently called at a party given at Senator Bayard's (of Delaware) residence, and entered the parlor smoking a cigar. He was remonstrated with concerning the impropriety, and responded that it was an American prejudice against the conduct. The Senator gave him notice to quit, and public sentiment uniting against him, he has since then absented himself from the city, save when he has had business with the State Department.

A Tough Soldier.—A private of the 11th regiment of Huzzars, named John Dryden, who received 31 wounds in one day at the storming of Sebastopol, is entirely recovered and again doing duty.

☞ A female lunatic in the Utica Asylum is a lady of enlarged ideas. She talks of becoming the empress of the world, and using the next rainbow for a waist ribbon.

☞ The Wisdom of Childhood.—Childhood often holds a truth with its feeble fingers which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, which it is the pride of utmost age to recover.—*Ruskin.*

☞ Jack Ketch.—In "Lloyd's MS. Collection of English Pedigrees" (British Museum) occurs the origin of this celebrated cognomen:—"The manor at Tyburn was formerly held by Richard Jacquet, where felons were for a long time executed: from whence we have Jack Ketch."

☞ If a good act benefits no one else, it benefits the doer.

☞ Our accomplished correspondent, "Mary Irving," Miss Tenney, recently sailed for Tocat, Asia Minor, as a missionary under the direction of the American Board.

☞ There is a homely but very expressive African proverb to this effect:—"If your stomach is not strong, do not eat cockroaches."

☞ Lokkowitz, the Austrian Minister, detested the Jesuits, and in his will made them a bequest which must have made their mouths water with expectation. After a devout preamble he bequeathed to the Society 82,000—here the leaf had to be turned over, and on the other side were the words—"nails toward a new building."

☞ The Three Essentials of Food.—Milk consists of all three; the curd, which is chiefly albumen; the butter, chiefly oil; and a portion of sugar. Milk is the only substance prepared by nature so completely perfect as to be a compound of these three principles.

☞ A naturalist, describing the Rook, says:—"He loves the blue empyrean, and he quits his lofty height, when he is brought to this dull earth, by the mere force of *caterpillary* attraction.

☞ Lord Palmerston, who, if not the wisest, is the wittiest of Prime Ministers, once defined dirt to be merely something in the wrong place; which definition, although the dictionaries have not yet admitted it, is by far the best that ever was given of a very disagreeable word.

☞ One hundred public electric-clocks are being set up in Marseilles, France, to be lit with gas at night. Connected by 40,000 metres of wire, their movements will be simultaneous.—The cost will be 22,000 francs, and the annual maintenance 2,000. They are to be at work next May.

☞ A quarrel is, nine times out of ten, merely the fermentation of a misunderstanding.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post, March 31st, 1856.

An unusual degree of activity has characterized the operations in all the leading branches of trade during the last week, especially in Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes and Straw Goods, of which articles the sales have been very large, all realizing full prices. Bank is scarce, and wanted at full rates. Breadstuffs are more inquired for, and Flour, Wheat and Corn are bringing rather better prices since the receipt of the late foreign news.—Cotton has been in fair request, with large receipts and sales to notice—the market closing active and buoyant. Coal is about stationary, with moderate transactions. Iron continues firm and in good request, but the high views of sellers limit operations. Fruit—Foreign is arriving more freely. Fish are also selling to a fair extent from the vessel and store, without much change in rates. In Groceries the receipts and sales have been large, with but little variation in prices. Provisions remain inactive, but there is rather more firmness to notice on the part of the holders. Naval Stores and Oils are unchanged. Hemp and Hides—Sales limited, mainly for the want of stock. Plaster in scarce. Salt and Lime is dull and firm. Seeds—There is more doing in Clover-seed, and prices tend upward. Teas and Tobacco are firm with moderate transactions. Wool is moving off freely at full prices.—Whiskey is dull. In other articles there are no important changes to notice since the close of last week. The following are some of the principal articles exported from this port for the week ending the 26th inst.:

WEST INDIES.

Flour	bbls,	1,792	Tobacco	lbs,	2,195
Corn Meal		1,561	Candles		32,600
Rye Meal		10	Soap		50,332
Ship Bread		1,100	Corn	bush,	2,400
Pork and Beef		200	Peas		50
Hams	lbs,	8,500	Potatoes		100
Lard		14,800	Oil Meal	casks,	40
Butter		2,400	Rice		54
Tallow		19,048	Vinegar		32

BRITISH N. A. COLONIES.

Corn	bush,	2,770	Vinegar	bbls,	100
Corn Meal	bbls,	1,320			

OTHER FOREIGN PORTS.

Flour	bbls,	650	Butter	lbs,	5,500
Corn Meal		700	Candles		16,000
Beef and Pork		207	Corn	bush,	600
Hams	lbs,	5,075	Oats		400
Lard		7,200			

ASHES—Transactions continue mostly in a small way, within the range of quotations.

BARK—Is in steady demand, and about 150 hhds Quercitron have been sold, on arrival, at $26 for 1st No. 1; some holders ask more.

BEESWAX—Is held above the views of buyers, and very quiet at 22a23c ? lb.

BREAD—There has been more doing this week in the way of sales, but prices rule about stationary.

CANDLES—Move on slowly, without change in quotations. The demand is principally to accommodate, of which about 1,500 boxes have been sold within the range of quotations.

COAL—Orders are coming in more freely, but the high rates of freight check sales. A fair amount of business has been done for shipment East, at previous rates. The home demand is moderate.

COFFEE—The market has been rather inactive this week, owing to the firmness of holders, who are generally demanding higher prices. Sales to the extent of 7,500 bags are reported, mostly Rio, within the range of 10¢@12c, including one entire cargo, at a price not public, and 1,500 packets Java at 13a15c. Part of the above sales are to go West.

COPPER—Is steady at 28c, without much doing; of Yellow Metals sales are making at 32c for sheets and 26c for bolts, 6 months.

COTTON—The large arrivals of the past week, in all over 8,000 bales, have depressed the market somewhat, but with more favorable accounts from the South, holders generally are not anxious sellers, and most of the receipts are going into store for higher prices. The week's transactions have been to a fair extent, but at irregular rates, reaching in all about 2,000 bales, at from 10 to 12c for Uplands, and 11a12c for Gulfs, each and time, the latter for fancy lots; the markets closed with a much better feeling, and more active.

The following is the movement in this staple from the 1st Sept. to the latest dates:

	1855.	1855.	1854.	1853.
Rec. at the Ports,	2,729,000	1,923,500	2,967,000	2,630,000
Ex. to G. Britain,	1,486,000	985,000	761,000	1,071,000
Ex. to France,	340,000	200,000	260,000	220,000
Ex. other for. ports,	320,000	165,000	172,000	164,000
Total exports,	1,771,000	1,250,000	1,170,000	1,435,000
Stock on hand,	686,000	391,000	615,000	275,000

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been very little movement to the market this week; some 300 casks Soda Ash, part to arrive, sold at 2½c, on the usual credit; 25 casse Bengal Indigo at 110a120 cents Lacrcee at 21c@22c, usual time, and 20,000 lbs Nut Vermion, on terms not public.

DRY GOODS—Business continues very active and the jobbers are selling largely to the jobbing and Western buyers now in market; there is no material variation to notice in any of the leading articles; plain Cottons are scarce and firm, and the prices of some descriptions, particularly Drillings, have an upward tendency.

FRUIT—There is more doing in Foreign, several cargoes of Sicily Oranges and Lemons have commenced landing this week, and sales of about 6,000 boxes have been made from the vessel at from $1 to $3 ? box, as to condition. In domestic there is not much doing, for the want of stock; further small sales of Apples and Peaches are reported within the range of quotations.

FEATHERS—Continue scarce, with a small business to note at 50a52c ? lb, including about 2,500 lbs fair Western at 51c.

FISH—The receipts are large, and dealers are well supplied with all kinds. The retail store prices are extra large No 1 Mackerel were sold from vessel at $18 per bbl; do No 2 at $15; do No 3 at $12; Shore No 1 at $17; do No 2 at $14; do No 3 at $11; Salmon No 1 are held at $18. White Fish $5. Shad $5 ? bbl. Codfish 4½ ? bbl. About 4,000 bbls Mackerel and 1,000 bbls Herring from wharf have been sold at prices of 50 to 75c ? bbl below the retail rates.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts continue light, and the market for Flour, especially since receipt of the Canada's advices, has had an upward tendency; the demand, however, is moderate, and some 10,000 bbls found buyers, part taken on speculation at $7 for standard superfine, including some small lots of extra at $7.50, and 2,000 fancy do for shipment at $7.62½a8.00; at the close our lowest figures were generally refused for shipping brands, and a sale of 500 bbls common superfine reported at $7.12½, which no one would, most holders asking $7.25 ? bbl for standard brands. Fine home use prices have ranged at from $7 to 7.50 for common and choice retailing brands and baker's Flour; $7.50@8.50 for extras, according to quality, and $8@8.50 ? bbl for fancy family brands. Rye Flour has been more active, and about 2,000 bbls have been taken at $5 ? bbl. Corn Meal has been in fair request and about 3,000 bbls Penna Meal sold at $3 ? per bbl, including some lots delivered at this price. The inspections for the week are 3,104 bbls Flour, 1,411 bbls Corn Meal, and 435 bbls Rye Flour.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat continue light, and prime lots, which are scarce, find ready sale at full prices; this week's transactions reaching about 25,000 bushels at from $1.80@1.75 for red, and $1.80@2 for white, as in quality, the latter for strictly prime parcels. Rye has been rather dull, but within a day or two there has been more doing, sales in all reaching about 15,000 bbls Western at 89. Corn is more active; supplies are beginning to arrive by water, and 60,000 bushels, mostly Southern yellow, found buyers at 80c, afloat—including some 16,000 bus Penna yellow at 80a82c in store; damaged at 55a56c, and 3a4,000 bus white on terms not public. 10,000 bus yellow, damaged, sold by auction at from 38½ to 42c. Oats sell slowly, and only about 15,000 bus were disposed of at 32a33c for Southern, afloat, and 33a35c for Penna in store, according to quality.

HAVANA—There is more activity in the market, and large sales of Peruvian have been made, to go to Jersey and Delaware, within the range of quotations. Colombian is also in request at higher rates. Several cargoes of the latter are daily expected to arrive.

The following are the Philadelphia Guano company's prices:

For	1 to 5 tons each for 2,000 lbs	$40
	6 to 10 " "	39
	11 to 15 " "	38
	16 to 25 " "	37
	26 to 50 " "	36
	51 to 100 " "	35

For best quality A A 35 per cent. and upwards of Dry Phosphate of Lime, in bags of about 160 lbs each, and at corresponding prices for lower test.

GINSENG—There is very little arriving or selling to affor quotations.

HEMP is quiet for the want of stock; most of the manufacturers are supplied, and the only sale we heard of is 15 bales damaged, sold by auction, at $115.

HIDES—The market is buoyant and firm, with little or no stock in first hands. An import of Lagunayra, just in, remains unsold.

IRON is sold slowly at sales for first sort Eastern and Western.

LEAD—The firmness of holders of American Pig, heretofore noticed, is maintained, with little indications of any change at present quotations until there is a greater change in the foreign. Appreciation of qualities affords to our market a demand that cannot be given to the foreign, unless there is a further depreciation of Scotch pig. All descriptions of American iron are in good demand. We hear of a contract closed for 6,000 tons American rails, to be made by a firm not doing business in this city. The heathen of the testimony in respect to qualities of rails, after the severe tests of the past winter, is highly favorable for the American. Transactions in Pig during the week have been 2,500 tons, mostly made up of Scotch, as reported—$28 for No 1; $26 for No 2; and $25 for No 3. Some makers are holding No 3 at $28, deliverable here. Firmer and higher rates are reported on the Susquehanna. Stocks tumid are reported very light. Bars are at $70 to $75, in good request. Nails are in fair demand at $4 to $4.10. Rails are quoted at $65, cash.

LEAD—The stock is unusually light, and holders are firm in their views; some 300 tons have been purchased by our manufacturers in a neighboring market on terms not public.

LEATHER—The receipts are light, and the demand fair in advance of the supply at fully former quotations.

LUMBER—The market continues inactive; the only sales made public are four cargoes Southern Flooring Boards at $18 a19 ? M.

MOLASSES—Remains quiet. Some three or four cargoes Cuba just in have been sold before arrival on terms not public, and 15,000 bbls New Orleans at 42a43c on the usual terms.

NAVAL STORES—No change. Small sales Spirits Turpentine are reported at 45a45½c per gal. cash and time, and 2,000 bbls Rosin, at $1.70@1.75 for Common, and $4.22½@5.25 per bbl for Pine. Nothing new in Tar and Pitch.

OILS—Fish Oils continue in good demand, and firm at previous quotations, but the transactions are mostly in a retail way. Lard Oil is steady, with small sales at 93a95c. Linseed Oil is firm with small sales at 86a86c. Red Oil is dull.

PAINTS—Owing to the high price of the raw material, White Lead is dull and 1,000 kegs sold at 7½c.

PLASTER—Sources not wanted; a cargo of hard sold on arrival, at a private bargain. Soft is worth $4 per ton.

PROVISIONS—The demand for cured meats is limited, but the stock is very light, and sales are mostly in a small way, at $13@13.50 for Mess Pork, and $18 per bbl for City Mess Beef. At the close there were a better feeling and firmer views. Bacon is also scarce, with a small business to note, at 11a12c for Hams, plain and fancy cured; 9c for Sides, and 8½c for Shoulders, cash and 60 days. Of Green Meats some are make have been disposed of at 9c for Hams; 7½c for Shoulders, and 6c for Sides, on the usual terms. Lard sells slowly, at 10a10½c for bbls and 11a11½c for kegs, about 1,000 packages have been disposed of at these rates. Butter is in steady demand at 24c for Roll, as in quality. Solid is scarce. Cheese sells as wanted at quotations.

RICE—Is about stationary, with moderate receipts and sales in all about 200 casks at 4½@5c, as to lots.

SALT—About 9,000 sacks Fine, part Ashton's and 6,000 bus Cape Verd have been sold on arrival on terms not public. Two cargoes of Liverpool ground just in, remain unread.

SEEDS—Clover is in good demand, and prices tend upward. Some 2,000 bushels have been disposed of in lots at 6@6.25c as to quality, which is an advance. The retail demand is also more active, and sales from second hand range from $4.50 to 5 per bushel, including some choice lots at higher figures. Timothy is steady, with further sales at 3?0 at $3.50a3.75 per bushel, the latter for recleaned seeds. Flaxseed is more inquired for, and worth 190a195c per bushel for Amsterdam.

SUGARS—The large arrivals have somewhat unsettled the market, and prices are rather irregular and some holders are storing. Sales to the extent of 2,5?0 hhds are reported—part before arrival—including Cuba at 7¾a8c, New Orleans 8¼a8½c, and Porto Rico at 8¼a8½c. Some 500 bags Brazils have also been sold at a private bargain, and 500 boxes Cuba at 9¼a9½c—all on the usual terms.

SUMAC—About 350 bags Sicily have been sold at $72a85, as to brand.

SPIRITS—There is not much doing in Foreign, and Brandy and Gin are held firmly, with a small business to notice. N E Rum is selling at 45a46c, as to quality. Whiskey has been more active this week; prices ranging at 23a27c for bbls, and 25a28c for barrels—mostly at our lowest figures.

TALLOW—Continues in steady demand at 10½ for City rendered.

TEAS—The market is active, and all kinds are bringing full prices.

TOBACCO—Leaf is in request, but the want of stock limits operations. As no sales to note there is a good business to notice at steady rates.

WINES—Continue scarce and firm, with rather more activity to notice.

WOOL—The market has been more active this week, and large sales, in all some 350,000 lbs, are reported, chiefly to go South at full prices. The demand has mostly been for medium and fine grades, including three-quarter and full blood at 55c. Merino and No 1 pulled at 47a49c for the former, and 36 for the latter, on the usual terms.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The offerings this week of Beef Cattle were small, only reaching about 800 head, 250 Cows and Calves, 1,000 Hogs and 5,000 Sheep and Lambs.

PRICES—Beef Cattle, with an active demand, nearly all found buyers, at from $8 to $11 the 100 lbs, as to condition; no about 80 head were taken to New York.

Cows and Calves met with limited sale, at $25@45—Vealc commanded 4@7c ? lb.

Hogs, all in market were disposed of at $8.25@8? the 100 lbs, according to quality.

Sheep and Lambs, with increased supplies, prices are well sustained, and sales ranged at $2.62½@5 each, the latter for choice.

Hay is bringing better prices, and the sales making are at from $1,15a$1,40 the 100 lbs, the latter good Timothy.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

FLOUR, &c.—There is a better local and Eastern demand for Flour, and the market may be quoted a shade firmer without showing any important change in prices. Sales 6,000 bbls at $7,37½@7,50 for common to good State and Western; $7.25 7,50 for extra State; $7.25@8 for low to good grades of extra Western, and $8.25@10,50 for extra Genesee and St. Louis, the market closing buoyant with pretty good inquiry.

In Canadian Flour there is less doing, but the market is without important change. Sales 300 bbls at $7,37½@7,50 for common to choice extra; store, light and holders not very anxious to realize. For Southern Flour there is a pretty good demand and the market may be quoted a shade firmer. Sales 2,000 bbls at $7,75@8,12½ for mixed to choice brands, and $8,25@8 for fancy and extra. Rye Flour firmly held, with a moderate demand. Sales 150 bbls fair at $4,25. The range is $4,25@4,62½ for fair to superfine. Corn Meal remains as last noticed, with a moderate business doing.

GRAIN—For Wheat there is only a moderate milling demand, and the market is without important or material alteration. Sales small parcels common to good red Southern at $1,60@1,70. Rye is less plenty, and with a fair demand for milling constants, holders are disposed to insist upon better prices. The inspections are 91,12a1,14, delivered at the latter price. Nothing of moment doing in Barley, and prices are without important alterations.

For Corn there is a moderate demand for export and home consumption at prices in favor of the purchasers; sales of 90,000 bushels at 69c@70c for unsound, and 69a70c for common to prime new mixed white and yellow Southern; old mixed Western is nominal at 80c. Oats in moderate request at 50a50c for Jersey, 49a53c for State, and 48a50c for Chicago.

COFFEE—The market has ruled quiet, but firm; the stock of Rio is 36,000 bags; sales of 800 bags Rio thrifle, 2? bags Jamaica at 12c, 100 mats Java at 14½c, and 100 bags Laguayra at 12¾ cts.

SUGARS—A moderate business is doing at about former prices; sales of 500 hhds Muscovado at 6¾c, 150 hhds New Orleans at 6¾c; there are but few choice grades of the latter offering, and 100 boxes Havana at 8c.

MOLASSES—New Orleans has been quiet, but prices are sustained; sales of 350 bbls at 42½c; foreign is quiet, but steady; small sales of former prices have transpired.

WHISKEY—The market is quite firm, with a fair demand. Sales of 450 bbls at 23c for Ohio and Prison.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is firm, with a fair demand for the trade and the East. Sales of 400 bbls at $18.25 for Mess, and $13 for Prime, and $18a18,50 for clear. Beef is steady, and in fair request for the trade. Sales of 240 bbls at $9.25@9.75 for Prime; $9,25a10,75 for country Mess, and $11a13 for repacked Western Mess. Prime Mess is firm, but quiet at $17@? Beef Hams are steady at $19a19,50. Cut Meats are firm, and in good request. Sales of 200 bbls and kegs at 7½c for Shoulders, and 9a9¾c for Hams. Lard is

CONGRESS.

In the SENATE, on the 28th, Mr. Hunter, from the Finance Committee, reported a bill providing that the Spanish milled or Mexican quarters, eighths, and sixteenths of a dollar shall be received at the United States offices as twenty, ten and five cents, and be made a legal tender for all sums not exceeding five dollars; these fractions when so received to be recoined. The bill also authorizes the President to issue his proclamation legalizing the new cent piece, to be formed either by a reduction of the copper of the present cent, or by alloying with some other metal. We do hope that this bill will succeed in causing the old Spanish coins to "walk Spanish."

Mr. Brown very sensibly remarked, on an appropriation of $350,000 for paper, stereo of printing, &c., that the only way to stop giving out fat jobs of printing worthless documents, was to establish a government printing office, and abolish the franking privilege.

On the 26th, on motion of Mr. Butler, the Committee on Post-Offices was instructed to inquire into the expediency of discontinuing the franking privilege of members of Congress, and in lieu thereof allowing money payment of postage; also, authorizing the Committee, if it should see fit, to report a bill regulating the postage on letters and packages members may transmit.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the Deficiency Appropriation Bill. The bill was variously amended and passed.

On the 27th, Mr. Harlan in discussing the Kansas report, said he had never hitherto desired to debate African slavery, believing such agitation mischievous, and fraught with danger to the perpetuity of the institutions of the country. Others differed from him, and among them the President, who, without waiting for the organization of the House, sent to Congress two voluminous messages, reviewing the whole subject judicially, politically and historically. It would, therefore, be disrespectful to the President, and those who represent his views, to ignore his favorite theme. Mr. Harlan said that all the pro-slavery papers in Kansas and Missouri, had admitted the interference of the Missouri borderers, and justified it as necessary—the fact was therefore undoubted. He advocated the power and duty of Congress to exclude slavery from the Territories, and argued that the negro has the same physical, mental and moral nature with the white man. The inferiority of one gave the other no right to enslave him.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES on the 25th, Mr. Campbell of Ohio, declined the appointment on the committee to go to Kansas, and Mr. Sherman was appointed in his place. A long discussion took place on the 25th and 26th, respecting the qualifications required of voters in the District of Columbia—the "Americans" urging that naturalized citizens should be residents for one year before voting. The bill was recommitted on the 28th, to the Committee on the District.

Mr. LANE, of Oregon, called attention to the Indian war in that Territory, and said that unless prompt action was had the whites would be wiped out entirely. A bill granting $100,000 to procure the aid of friendly Indians, was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means, the chairman promising the immediate consideration of it.

☞ A shoemaker received a note from a lady to whom he was particularly attached, requesting him to make her a pair of shoes, and not knowing the style she required, he despatched a written missive to her, asking her whether she would like them "*Wround* or *Esq. Toed*." The fair one, indignant at this rich specimen of orthography, replied "*Kneether*."

☞ The Italians say: "Time is a silent file."

☞ The high price of flour is said to have quickened the wits of the millers, and it is broadly hinted that some of our millers are in the habit of adulterating their flour with corn meal. An experienced lady friend of ours says that whenever it is thus adulterated, it may be detected by lightly pouring flour upon a pan of water. The meal will be precipitated to the bottom of the pan, and the flour will float. Try it.

☞ A hotel keeper in Boston boards lovers for two dollars a week less than he charges other folks. There is philosophy in this. Love is very etherial in its nature, and can live on moonbeams. We know a young man who took the disease in the natural way, and he subsisted a whole month on a German flute and a sonnet.

☞ A bag of *white* coal was lately received from Australia by Miles and Kingston, of Bristol.

☞ Lord Bacon says, "the tooth of usury should be ground, that it bite not too much; and on the other hand, a way should be left open to invite moneyed men to lend for the quickening of trade."

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

CABIN POINT, Surry Co., Va.

Dr. Seth S. Hance:—I was in Baltimore in April, 1850, and from a paper I received of yours was induced to buy a box of your Pills, recommended as a sovereign cure for the Epileptic Fits. At that time one of my servants had been afflicted with fits about twelve years. When reaching home, I commenced with the pills according to directions. I do not think she has had one since. My wife, though, is somewhat induced to believe she may have had one only. Enclosed you will find five dollars, for which you will please forward me two boxes. I suppose you can forward them by mail. Your compliance will oblige me. Yours respectfully,

M. P. SLEDGE.

Dr. Hance's Epileptic Pills are also a sovereign remedy for every modification of nervous diseases.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address *Seth S. Hance*, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price, one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $24.

NO IMPOSITION.

☞ WILKIN'S AMBELET, invented by the celebrated oculist, Dr. C. M. Elliott, of New York, (recipe presented by him to M. Wilkin,) will cure Baldness. Preserve and Cleanse the Hair. Price 50 cents. Sold by Druggists and the Proprietors, 44 Maiden Lane, New York. ap5-2t

MR. DALLAS IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Dallas has arrived in London, and he has been waited upon by a delegation of the American residents of the metropolis. The new minister was in good health and spirits, and looked well in the elegant suit of clothes he obtained before leaving home, at the cheap and fashionable establishment of Rockhill & Wilson, 111 Chestnut Street, corner of Franklin Place.

NEW GOODS IN GOLD AND SILVER.—Wilmarth, Clunsman & Co., 21 Maiden Lane, New York, have on hand, and are offering to the trade the most extensive variety of Gold and Silver Pencil and Pen Cases, Gold Pens, Tooth Picks, &c., we have ever seen. They are also proprietors of the celebrated "Lowell's Patent Pen and Pencil," which, together with the above goods, are for sale by the principal Jewelers in our city. W. C. & Co. make the best finished goods in the market. ap5-3t

EMPLOYMENT. "Pleasant and profitable," may be obtained by any number of young men, in every neighborhood; *secured against the possibility of loss*. Address FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York. ap5-4t

The efficacy of the OXYGENATED BITTERS, in cases of Dyspepsia, Asthma, and General Debility, has been attested by many citizens who are well known to the public, and whose statements are ample proof that this medicine is one of great value.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION may easily be acquired by the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers*." It will remove *tan, pimples, and freckles* from the skin, leaving it of a soft and roseate hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops, and wash the face night and morning.

FERRIDGE & Co., Proprietors, New York.

For sale at T. B. PETERSON'S, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists. feb23-eowdm

WHY SUFFER WITH SCROFULA when a remedy is at hand? Read the following letter:

DARIEN, Wis., February 18, 1856.

DR. D. JAYNE—Dear Sir:

After five months' confinement to my bed with fever, my left foot and leg commenced swelling, which continued to increase, accompanied by the most fearful pain, until the cords of my leg contracted to such an extent, that I could not straighten it. A SORE soon made its appearance on the inside of the leg between the ankle and knee which rapidly increased in size notwithstanding all my efforts to cure it. For months I lingered in this fearful situation, *using every means in my power to obtain relief* but without effect, in fact most remedies made it worse. TO HAVE MY LEG TAKEN OFF appeared to be my only chance for life, but to this I would not consent, as death to me seemed preferable to such a loss. Despairing of ever being cured, I fortunately noticed in your Medical Almanac the certificates of persons who had been cured of similar diseases by your "Alterative," and without much faith I commenced in one, eight bottles of this medicine, with some of your "Liniment" and "Sanative Pills," have so far restored me as to enable me to WALK AS WELL AS EVER, and to free my leg *from all soreness and pain*. Fearing that there might be some remains of the disease still in my system, I have purchased a further supply of 12 bottles of your Alterative with Liniment and Pills, feeling confident that by their use I shall enjoy perfect health. I know not how to express my gratitude, but beg you to accept the thanks of a truly grateful heart. Yours respectfully,

HENRY WILLIAMS.

The above remedies are prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. mh15-4t

MORE PROOF OF DR. S. PANCOAST'S SUCCESS IN THE CURABILITY OF CONSUMPTION BY MEDICATED INHALATION—CHARACTERISTIC LETTER FROM ONE OF THE MOST PROMINENT CITIZENS OF PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, March 12, 1856.

DR. S. PANCOAST:—Dear Sir—Believing it adulty I owe the public and yourself, that a history of my case should be made known, as well as the mode of treatment, has led me to address you in this manner, which you are at liberty to make use of as your judgment may dictate.

My disease commenced about two years ago, and I was treated, by a popular Southwark physician, for a bad cold, for five weeks, when he gave me up as well. Two or three weeks after this, I was compelled to send for him again, as my cold had fixed itself on my breast, and was becoming very troublesome. I continued under his treatment for several months, without receiving any permanent benefit. I then tried Dr. Hoofe's medicines without relief. A short time after this, I concluded to try the country, and located in the neighborhood of Reading. While there, I was afflicted with profuse night sweats, which continued the balance of the summer. I also had severe pains in the chest, very free expectoration, and a distressing cough. While in the country, I was attended by Dr. Noggle, of Reading, one of the first physicians of that place. He stated that he would not give much for my right lung.

I returned home soon after, so much debilitated that I was compelled to keep my bed. My family physician was again called in, who also said my right lung was badly affected, and prescribed cod liver oil. I continued getting worse until spring, when I became slightly better. In the subsequent fall, I was again attacked with more violent symptoms of consumption, and so debilitated that I could scarcely ascend one flight of stairs. In short, I was nearly dead, and my physician ceased calling on me, without giving any reason. I presume it was because he could afford me no relief.

On September 20th, 1855, my case appeared so desperate that I concluded to call upon you at the request of Col. Andrews, who gave me the most exalted description of you and your treatment. After you examined my chest, you pronounced my right lung seriously affected. I asked if I had left it too long? You replied that "I had let it go plenty long enough!" Well, to make a long story short, when I had been under your treatment only three weeks my chest expanded 2½ inches, and continued to expand until I became as large around the chest as when in full vigor and health. At this time I could walk from 631 South Second street, below Queen, to your place, and back, (nearly three miles,) with less fatigue than I could walk three squares before coming under your treatment.

Before I was under your treatment one month, my night sweats left me, my appetite increased wonderfully, cough and expectoration decreased, (the latter being about half a pint a day,) and I was enabled to attend to my business, which I had previously been compelled to give up. I remained under your treatment three months, at the cost of $45, for the inhaler, medicine and advice, during that period. Under the old form of practice the medicines alone would have nearly, if not entirely, amounted to that sum. I, therefore, look upon your charges as being more moderate than other physicians. It is now nearly three months since I gave up your treatment, and, although the winter has been exceedingly severe, yet I have got along remarkably well, and now consider my health entirely restored, with the exception of a slight cough in the morning on rising, which is gradually wearing off. It is my firm belief that had I not adopted your mode of treatment, I would now be to my grave.

With much respect, I remain truly yours,

M. IRARD.

No. 631 South Second Street.

Dr S PANCOAST, Physician for diseases of the Lungs and Throat, 114 Spring Garden Street. Office hours, from 9, A. M., to 3, P. M. 1t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE J. HAWKINS, to Miss SARAH BOZUM, both of this city.

On the 20th ult. by the same, Mr. CHARLES H. FOWLER, to Miss DEBORAH C. LINTON, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. William Ramsey, D. D., Capt. SYLVANUS H. BOURNE, of Boston, to Miss REBECCA H. IOCHNADY, of Philadelphia.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. HORACE H. KLINGAMAN, to Miss KATE BECK, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. John J. Janes, Mr. THEODORE DONALDSON, of Philadelphia, to SARAH R. MOFFS, late of Baltimore, Md.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. H. Steele Clarke, Mr. WILLIAM A. MARTIN, of Chesapeake, city, Md. to Miss SARAH BRINTON, of Chester county.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. James Seddon, Mr. JOHN BYRON, to Mrs. MARIA GILBERT, all of Frankford.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. A. A. Willits, Mr. MARK ANTHONY, to Miss ELIZA A. BINTZEL, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos H. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH HALEY, Jr. to Miss MARGIE S. RAWLINGS, both of Montgomery county.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. ANDREW RUGAN, to Miss MARGARET BOWERS.

On the 23d ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr WILLIAM KOOKER, to Miss ELIZA CHATHAM, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. George Quigley, Mr. GEORGE EARNSHAW, to Miss CLARA L. JARNING, both of Philadelphia.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. William Urie, Mr. JOSEPH H. BANY, of this city, to Miss ISABELL GILLASPY, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Fulton, Mr. JOHN KOHN, to Miss BRIDGET FEIBL, all of Manayunk.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Doctor J. C. Clay, WILLIAM P. JONES, to ELIZA A. ALLEN, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., JOHN CAMPBELL, to Miss ELIZABETH MCGEE, all of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Bomberger, Mr. GEORGE F. MCFARLAND, of Freeburg, Snyder county, Pa. to Miss ADELINE D. GRIESEMER, of this city.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. J. P. R. Wilmer, the Rev. W. T. DICKINSON DALZELL, to HELEN, daughter of the Right Rev. H. U. Onderdonk.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, A. BATES GREEN, to ELLEN, daughter of the late Henry Furnum.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. THOMAS A. CASE, to Miss MARY C. JORDAN, both of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Henry Day, Mr JOHN BRITTIN, of Baltimore, to Miss LAVINIA LUKENS, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. FREDERICA HENSELER, aged 68.
On the 23d ult. Mr. BENJ. F. BRAND, aged 39 years.
On the 25th ult. Mrs. JANET CHAPMAN, aged 85 years.
On the 25th ult. THOMAS HENRY, son of Susan and the late Edward Muldoon, aged 5 years and 4 months.
On the 25th ult. FREDERICK P. SEIFERT, aged 33.
On the 25th ult. HANNAH BIDDLE, daughter of Richard and Ann Jeffreys, aged 8 years and 8 months.
On the 24th ult. BENJ. P. MORRIS, aged 35 years.
On the 24th ult. MARGARET OWENS, aged 28 years.
On the 26th ult. SARAH, wife of Jacob Hossefross, aged 27 years.
At Trenton, N. J. on the 26th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET JOHNSON, aged 71 years.
On the 26th ult. JOHN A. SCHENM, aged 5 years.
On the 25th ult. Mrs. REBECCA GILLAN, aged 42 years.
On the 26th ult. MARTHA WILLIAMS, aged 2 years and 4 months.
On the 26th ult. ROSANNA, daughter of Patrick and Catharine Friel, aged 1 year.
On the 24th ult. SARAH, widow of Joseph Mattield, aged 60 years.
On the 24th ult. Miss MARGARET HANAHAN, aged 28.
On the 25th ult. HENRY BECK, aged 42 years.
On the 23th ultimo, HARRY, son of H. M. and Sallie E. Parrott, aged 4 years.
On the 25th ult. Mrs. MARY LAMARZELLE, aged 66.
On the 24th ult. THOMAS MURPHY, aged 41 years.
On the 25th ult. HANNAH MARGARET, daughter of W. H. and Hannah Hails, aged 2 years and 4 months.
On the 24th ult. WILLIAM H. HUNTER, aged 16 years.
On the 26th ult. THOMAS H. MCCORD, aged 26 years.
On the 24th ult. ELIZABETH ASENDORPH, aged 22 years and 2 months.
On the 26th ult. MARY, wife of George Steer, Jr. aged 43 years.
On the 23d ult. at Camden, WILLIAM J. HATCH, aged 50 years.
On the 24th ult. JAMES MCILVAINE, aged 38 years.
On the 23d ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH TAYLOR, aged 85.
On the 24th ult. JAMES COYLE, aged 43 years.
On the 23d ult. IRWIN MCCABE, son of P. L. and Ann E. Duckhart, aged 20 months.
On the 22d ult. Mr. ISAAC H. TWINING, aged 44 years.
On the 23d ult. ELIZABETH, wife of Charles Murphy, aged 65 years.
On the 22d ult. HOWARD, son of Wm. and Rebecca Hawkins, aged 14 years.
On the 23d ult. Mrs. MARY, wife of Wm. Forepaugh, aged 35 years.
On the 23d ult. Mrs. MARTHA MCNUTT.
On the 23d ult. Miss FRANCES MALVINA, daughter of Charles and Sarah Winters, aged 7 years.
On the 22d ult. Mrs. MARY MILLS, aged 68 years.
On the 23d ult. SARAH ANN, wife of Edward Cattin, aged 32 years.
On the 23d ult. Mrs. MARY NELSON, aged 83 years.
On the 23d ult. Mrs. CATHARINE STARK, aged 32.

SILVER-WARE.

SILVER TEA SETS,	FORKS,
" PITCHERS,	SPOONS,
" GOBLETS,	DESSERT KNIVES,
" CUPS,	FRUIT KNIVES,
" SALT CELLARS,	PIE AND CAKE KNIVES.

Pocket Fruit Knives, Napkin Rings, Olive Spoons, Sugar and Preserve Spoons, Oyster and Soup Ladles, on hand, a large and varied assortment of our

OWN MANUFACTURE.

Also a large stock of the

WATCHES,	PLATED TEA SETS,
JEWELRY,	CAKE BASKETS.

CASTORS, &c., &c.

CONRAD BARD & SON,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS,
No. 119 ARCH STREET,
ap5-4t FOUR DOORS BELOW SIXTH, Philada.

TO THE SICK EVERYWHERE.

VOLUMES might be filled with very strongest testimony, to prove the great superiority of DOCTOR SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, in curing Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Blood Spitting, Pain in the Side, Breast, Palpitation or Disease of the Heart, Tickling or Rising in the Throat, Nervous Debility; and, in connection with "*Swayne's Sugar Coated Sarsaparilla and Tar Pills*," the Liver, Bowels, Stomach, in short the whole Alimentary Canal, will be cleansed and the blood purified. Laboratory of Doctor SWAYNE & SON, 4 North SEVENTH St., above Market, Philadelphia. Sold by Druggists and Storekeepers generally. ap5 1f

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above-mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or sent to their address, properly inclosed, by mail.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 109 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing dull:

	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct	'57 102	—
" "	'67 110½	—
" "	'67 110½	110¾
" "	'68 110½	—
" 5 "	'65 106½	—
Int off		
Phila 6 per ct	91½	91¾
" new	99½	99¾
" 5 "	89	92
Cam City 6 per ct	—	90
Penn 6 per ct	75	76
" coupon	75½	76
Alleg'y city 6 per ct	—	70
" county "	71½	72
Alle co P RR 6's	93	93½
Penn 6 per ct '79	100	101
" 5 "	85½	85¾
" " coupon	85	86
Penn 6 per ct	95	95½
" 5 "	79	80
" " coupon	79	80
Kentucky 6 per ct	103	—
Illinois 6 "	100	—
St Louis 6 per ct	—	84
Texas Reg Notes	72	—
" Bonds	100	—
Penn RR 6 per ct	97	97½
2d m'rt bonds "	88	88½
C & Am RR 6 per ct	82	83½
Sch Nav RR "	101	—
P G & N RR "	92	93
Reading RR "	87½	88
" Mort "	93	96
H & Lan RR "	92	94
P & R RR "	77½	80
Ches Val RR "	84	85
Penn RR "	85	—
Phil Wil & Bal "	—	—
" 6 per ct	84½	85
Long I RR "	76	—
Sch Nav '82 "	74½	75
Lehigh Nav "	97	98½
Mort "	92	100
C & D Can "	85	88
Sus & Tide "	57	58½
RAILROAD STOCKS.		
Cam & Amboy	123½	127
Penna	45½	46½
Bus Meadow	32	32½
North Penna	16½	17½
Phil Ger & Nor	37	37½
Reading	46½	46¾
" preferred	—	30
Minehill	54½	55
Har & Lan	54½	55
Phil & Sus	27½	—
Chester Valley	—	73
Tioga	10	—
" preferred	20	—
P W & Balt	22½	23½
Sus & Erie	—	—
Long Island	15½	15½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Schuyl Nav	21	21½
" preferred	31	31½
Lehigh Nav	65	65
Morris	14½	14½
" preferred	36	36
C & Del	—	65
Union	10	10½
Sus & Tidewater	11	12
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	150	—
Penna	111	112
Philada	137½	—
Far & Mec	105	—
Commercial	54	55
N Liberty	65½	—
Mechanics	29½	30
Southwark	25	—
P Township	41½	42
Kensington	—	—
Girard	12½	13
Western	20	—
Man & Mechs	32	32½
Commerce	70	75
Tradesman's	69	—
City	40½	41
Consolidation	20	—
United States	14	—
Pittsburg	57	—
M & M Phila	61	62
Kg'se Phila	95	—
Kentucky	103½	105
Northern, Ky	114	115
Louisville, Ky	112	114
Tannery, "	108	—
Union, N. Orl. Texas	94	94½
Plant's, Tenn	90	—
Coin & R Vicks	72	9
N O Gas Lt	113	114

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 20 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, March 31, 1856.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis
March bk Burlington	¼ dis
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	½ dis
DELAWARE.	
Solvent banks	par
Under $5	1 dis
MARYLAND.	
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis
Far & Mec bk, Kent Co	25 dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Exchange bk	50 dis
Solvent bks	¼ dis
NEW YORK.	
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis
6th Avenue bk	½ dis
Knickerbocker bk	1½ dis
James bk	25 dis
New Rochelle	30 dis
Far bk, Onondaga	25 dis
Mech & Mas bk, Geneseo	20 dis
Ex'ge bk, Buffalo	30 dis
Empire City bk	1½ dis
Central bk	1½ dis
MAINE.	
Solvent bks	¼ dis
Bk of Hallowell	7 dis
Calais bk	12 dis
Ellsworth bk	20 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solvent bks	1 dis
VERMONT.	
Solvent bks	¼ dis
South Royalton bk	2 dis
CONNECTICUT.	
Solvent bks	¼ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solvent bks	¼ dis
Cochituate bk	25 dis
Grocer's bk Boston	10 dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solvent bks	¼ dis
Rhode Island Central	5 dis
CANADA.	
Solvent bks	2 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Solvent bks	¼ dis
Bk of Kanawha	30 dis
Trans Alleghany	2 dis
Corp'n Alexandria	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solvent bks	¼ dis
GEORGIA.	
Solvent bks	¼ dis
New bks	2 to 5 dis
Bk of Milledgeville	no sale
Atlanta	5 dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	1 dis
South'n bk of Ala	1 dis
Other solvent bks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All bks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
Solvent bks	1 dis
OHIO.	
Solvent bks	¼ dis
Bk of Marietta	failed
Bk of Circleville	55 dis
Canal Bk Cleveland	5 dis
City Bk Cincinnati	5 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Solvent bks	¼ dis
Newport Safety Fund	failed
Kentucky Trust Co	do
INDIANA.	
State Bk	¼ dis
Free bks	5 to 10 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Solvent bks	1 dis
Quincy City bk	failed
Railroad Bk, Decatur,	5 dis
MISSOURI.	
Solvent bks	1 dis
TENNESSEE.	
Solvent bks	2 dis
Far & Merchants, Memphis	failed
Small notes	2½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Solvent bks	2 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All bks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Solvent bks	3 dis
TEXAS.	
Com & Agricultural bk, Galveston	20 dis

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A Cute Yankee Trick,	Free State Side of the War,
A Border Ruffian,	Seven in a Bed,
The Free State General,	Bowie Knives and Pistols,
A Terrible Alternative,	The Heroes of the War,
Red Skins and Indian Yarns,	Yankee Wit,
Major Hamrod's Adventure,	Missouri Sagacity,
Ducking a Baby,	What Sharpe's Rifles Cost,
News-Hunting in Westport,	A Prairie Home,
The Barber Homicide,	The Shooting of Barber,
Pro-Slavery Side of the War,	A Visit to the Widow Barber,
History of Wakarusa War,	A Heart-rending Scene,
Gathering of the Clans,	The Rival Tickets,
Warlike Preparations,	Sebastopol of the West,
A Crisis at Hand,	Shoot but take Good Aim,
Shannon in the Camp,	An Arkansas Yarn,
Besieged Won't Surrender,	The Borderer Backs Down,
Christmas in Kansas,	Can Lawrence be Taken,
A Mysterious Epistle,	First Legislature of Kansas,
Kansas Emigration,	What's in the Wind,
Shooting the Wrong Man,	What Kansas Needs,
Coleman's Narrative,	Border Ruffian's Better Half,
Kills Dow,	Rough but not Ruffian,
Lynch Law Threatened,	The Momentous Question,
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TETTER, SALT RHEUM, Ringworm, Pimples, Ulcers, Piles, and all

Wit and Humor.

"SOME SHARING."—Tom is a queer genius, and lets off some tall chaff occasionally. He visited us the other day, in our sanctum, with a

"How do you do, old fellow?"

"Hallo, Tom," said we, "where have you been so long?"

"Why, sir, I've been down on Severn river, in Anne Arundel county, taking Shanghai notes on the chills and fever."

"Ah, indeed," said we, "are they very bad down there?"

"Rather bad," said Tom, drily. "There is one place where they have been attempting to build a brick house for eight weeks. Well, the other day, as the hands were putting up the bricks preparatory to finishing it, they were taken with a chill, and shook the whole building completely down, and kept on shaking till the bricks were dust of the finest quality. Just at that juncture, the chills came on with renewed force, and they commenced shaking with such gusto, that they were entirely obscured for hours, and the people of the neighborhood thought the sun was in an eclipse."

"Gas!" said we.

"Not at all," said Tom.

"Why, I was sixteen miles further down the river the other day, and saw four men carrying a big pine log, from on board a schooner to the shore. The chills came on, and they shook the log, which was thirty feet long, all up in pieces of the proper length for firewood, and then taking a reshake of it, split and piled it up, at the same time shaking all the knots out of it."

"Can't believe anything like that, Tom."

"It's a fact," said Tom, and he resumed: "There's a farmer down there, who, in an apple picking season, hauls his niggers out to the orchard, and sets one up against each tree. In a short time, the chill comes on, and every apple in the orchard is shaken off the trees on to the ground."

"Incredible," said we, holding our sides with both hands.

"Fact," said Tom; "they keep a man alongside of each negro to take him away as soon as the fruit is off, for fear that he will shake the tree down!"

Tom continued: "Mr. B—— a friend of mine, and a house carpenter, was engaged a few days ago in covering the roof of a house with shingles. Just as he was 'finishing,' the chill came on and he shook every shingle off. Some of them are supposed to be flying about yet."

"Another gentleman near the same place was taken with a chill the other day at dinner, and shook his knife and fork down his throat, besides breaking all the crockery ware on the table. His little son, who was sitting at the table at the same time, was taken with a chill, and shook all the buttons off his inexpressibles, and then shook himself clear of them!"

We then prevailed upon Tom to desist, who did so, with the understanding that he was to give us the balance at some other time.

CRIMEAN CONUNDRUMS.—"Come in!" said I, in answer to a rather boisterous rap at my hut door, and in popped Lieutenant Donnelly, who had evidently had a glass or two of wine at dinner. "Now Charley," said he, settling himself comfortably in an easy chair, which I always esteemed a *sine qua non* in my establishment, and placing his legs on the stove, while he accepted a cigar I offered him. "What particular kind of entrenchment is like a Queen of England when she was just born?" "Why, the Red-un, I suppose," said I. "Charley," said he, "you are a cleverer fellow than I thought you were; but you shall have another try. Why did the Duke of Wellington resemble a Spanish dance?" "Because he was a bold-bero—is it not?" "Yes it is; but it puzzles me what makes you so 'cute to-night; one would fancy that the season had improved your wits." "Well, perhaps it has; so if you will join me, I will mix some punch, and have a quiet chat before we go to roost." "It will suit me capitally, for I can't smoke without moistening my lips; it makes my mouth so parched." "Then why smoke?" "To pass away the time." "And drink to pass away the smoke?" "Exactly; but you have not exhausted the conundrums I intended to puzzle you with yet. What fortified place reminds you of a tall mother?" "Well, really, I can't think, so shall give it up." "Why, the mammy-long, you stupid." "Ha! ha! ha! but that is too bad; you deserve a lunatic asylum." "Why is a Bashi-Bazouk overtaking a Cossack like a sauce?" "Because it's a Ketch-up—eh?" "Yes; but that was an easy one. Here's another. What color is the grass covered with snow?" "Invisible green!" "No; but that's not a bad answer," and I think an old one to the same question. But I have another." "It is no color." "Well, that is it, and is it not; for, 'it's snow color,' is what I wanted you to say. Try this—What palace in France was built without nails?" "I must give it up!" "Why Sans Clou, to be sure." "That is better than the general run of your impertinences; so give me another." "Why is riding fast up a steep ascent, like a young female dog with a pain in the stomach?" "Positively I can see no similarity." "No? think again!" "You must tell me." "Because it's a gal pup till." "A what?" "Because it's a gallop up hill." "Get out, you horrible punster, and go to bed; I can't have such atrocities perpetrated here." "But—" "No buts, but be off." And Lieut. Donnelly disappeared ignominiously.—*Colburn's Magazine.*

PASSAGE FROM A NEW DRAMA.—Signor Botanybayo—I have thee, villain—ha! ha! Now, by the Sends, rather than let thee escape, and lose the reward offered for thy life, I'd—

Sacramento—Hold off, or die the death! I am not what I seem, but—

Bot.—(Eagerly)—Who art thou?

Sac.—(Mysteriously)—One who reads the stars.

Bot.—(Impressively)—Not Quidian?

Sac.—No, in faith.

Bot.—Then thou art—

Sac.—I am.

They whisper—a fiend, in tin spangles and yellow ochre, rises from a trap—shaking of sheet-iron thunder—flashing of wet powder lightnings—darkness visible—the moon is represented as rising, by means of a tallow candle, held behind a hole in the scenery—the palace—no, barn—is fired—a clashing of swords—Botanybayo falls covered with brick-dust blood—curtain falls.

☞ A certain New York alderman labored under two defects. One was an inability to pronounce the letter v, always using w instead—and the other was a peculiar retentiveness of money, vulgarly known as parsimony. "What a queer pronunciation your father has," observed some one to the alderman's son. "Ah, yes," replied the graceless youth, "it is impossible to *get a V out of him!*"

MR FORREST AND THE COLORED ACTOR.—A few days since, our distinguished tragedian was playing an engagement in Baltimore. One morning, while at breakfast, the colored gentleman who waited upon him thus addressed him:

"Massa Forrest, I seed you play *Virginius* de odder night—I golly, you played him right up to de handle. I tink dat play just as good as Hamlet. Was it writ by the same man?"

"Oh, no," said the tragedian, amused at the communicative spirit of his sable friend, "Hamlet was written by Shakspeare, and Virginius by Knowles."

"Well," said the waiter, "dey's bofe mighty smart fellows. I'se an actor myself."

"You?" said the astonished tragedian; "why, where do you play?"

"Down in the 'sembly rooms," was the reply. "Wese got a theatre, stage, and scenery, and dresses, and eberyting all right. We plays dere beautiful."

"What have you ever played?"

"Why, I'se played Hamlet, and Polonius, and de Grabe Digger, all in de same piece."

"How do you manage to rehearse?"

"Why, we waits till de work is done, den we all goes down to de kitchen and rehearses."

"But what do you for ladies?" said Mr. Forrest.

"Ah, dar we stick! We can't get no ladies."

"Why, won't the colored ladies play?"

"Oh, no," said the colored actor, "de colored ladies think it too degrading."

The great tragedian asked no more questions.

CALIFORNIA ANECDOTE.—A man in San Francisco, named Pulaski Jacks, had his name painted on a big sheet of tin, and hung up at the door of his shop. One day an *outre* appearing individual walked in, and wished to "take a look at them new fangled things."

"What things?"

"Why, them Pulaski Jacks."

"That's my name! Pulaski Jacks; don't you see?"

"It is? Well darned if I knowed it! I didn't know whether it meant boot-jacks or jackasses—ha, ha!" and taking a good look at the astonished shopman, he walked out.

A CONSIDERATE HUSBAND.—A gay fellow who had taken lodgings at a public house, and got considerably in debt, absented himself and took new quarters. This so enraged the landlord, that he commissioned his wife to go and dun him—which the debtor having heard of, declared publicly that if she came he would kiss her. "Will he?" said the lady, "will he? Give me my bonnet, Molly, I will see whether any fellow on earth has such impudence!" "My dear," said the cooling husband, "pray do not be too rash; you do not know what a man may do when he is in a passion."

Useful Receipts.

SOAP.—To make Windsor soap, slice the best white soap as thin as possible; melt it in a stew-pan over a slow fire; scent it with oil of carraway, or any other scent, and then pour it into a mould made for that purpose. When it has stood for three or four days, in a dry situation, cut it into square pieces, and it is fit for use. An excellent toilet soap is thus made: Take a quarter of a pound of old Castile soap, slice it down into a pewter jar, and pour upon it two quarts of alcohol; place the jar in a vessel of water at such a heat as will cause the spirit to boil, when the soap will soon dissolve; then put the jar, closely covered, in a warm place until the liquor is clarified; take off any scum that may appear on the surface, and pour it carefully from the dregs; then put it into the jar again, and place it in the vessel of hot water; distilling all the spirit that will arise; dry the remaining mass in the air for a few days, when a white transparent soap will be obtained, free from all alkaline impurities, and perfectly void of smell.

TO MANUFACTURE PLASTER CASTS.—The following is one method of coating busts and plaster casts, so as to give them the appearance of marble:—Into a wooden tub or trough, put a strong and warm solution of alum. Into this plunge the bust or plaster cast, previously made perfectly dry, and let it remain therein from fifteen to thirty minutes; then suspend it over the solution, that the superfluous portions may drain off, and when it is cold, pour over it a fresh portion of the solution, and apply it evenly by a sponge or cloth. Continue this operation until the alum has formed a crystalised coating over the whole surface. Put it aside, and when perfectly dry, polish it with fine sand-paper or glass-paper, and complete the polish with a cloth, slightly moistened with pure water. A wooden vessel is best for the solution, warmed by steam from a boiler, because metals are apt to color the solution. This coating gives greater solidity to the substance, and possesses the whiteness and transparency of the finest marble. It stands the attacks of moisture in any apartment—is less subject to become soiled, and is as easily cleaned as marble. In this manner excellent copies may be obtained of antiques as well as moderns, at a price little exceeding common plaster casts.

COMBS.—To polish tortoise shell combs, make a paste of jeweller's rouge and a little sweet oil. Put it on the comb, and when quite dry brush it off. Then polish the comb with wash leather. In some cases this will restore polish. The use of sal volatile, instead of sweet oil, is also recommended for mixing with the jeweller's rouge in forming the paste.

CHILBLAINS.—To cure chilblains: Simply bathe the parts affected in the liquor in which potatoes have been boiled, at as high a temperature as can be borne. On the first appearance of the ailment, indicated by inflammation and irritation, this bath affords almost immediate relief. In the more advanced stages, a repetition prevents breaking out, followed by certain cure; and an occasional adoption will operate against a return, even during the severest frost.

WATERPROOF CLOTH.—For waterproof cloth, a saturated solution of water, sugar of lead, and alum, being prepared, the cloth should be immersed in the fluid for a few hours; on withdrawing it, and allowing it to dry, it will be found impervious to rain. The cloth should afterwards be hot-pressed.

SWEET CORN BOILED WHEN RIPE.—For several years I have saved my sweet corn, that ripened on the hill, and cooked it in the winter, and have found it almost equal to the "fresh article."—My plan is this: I gather it when ripe, dry in the ear, and lay it by for use. When wanted, shell a portion, say a quart; put into a kettle with water sufficient to keep it covered, and boil; put in soon after a half pint of ley; boil till the cuticle or skin of the kernel becomes soft and is easily removed; put it in cold water; wash and rub with the hands till clean. Now boil slowly for several hours, or steep, till done. Serve with butter and salt, or eat with milk. Better than "samp." May be kept several days in the water in which it was boiled. Heat when wanted.

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.

EMILY.—"Oh, is there not, dear Blanche, something delicious about Spring? We shall soon have all the dear little birds singing, and the banks and the green fields covered with beautiful flowers!"

BLANCHE.—"Oh, yes! And with it will come all the new bonnet shapes from Paris, and the lovely new patterns for morning dresses!"

THE MEADOW GATE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The blue-bell peeps beneath the fern,
The moor its purple blossom yields,
'Tis worth full six days' work to earn
A ramble 'mid the woods and fields.
There is an hour to silence dear,
An hour for which a king might wait;
It is to meet, when no one's near,
My Mary by the meadow gate.

When love inspires the lover's breast,
How swift he speeds from spray to spray,
His song is of his woodland nest,
Far hidden from the peep of day.
Would such a nest were my sweet lot!—
Would I might be some dear one's mate!—
I'd ask, to share my lowly cot,
My Mary by the meadow gate.

There is a tide the streamlet seeks,
A full mile from its course it veers,
And into silvery music breaks
When from the vale the sea appears.
Oh! twenty miles my eager feet
Would wander long and linger late,
One happy moment but to meet
My Mary by the meadow gate.

CURIOUS ERROR AND ITS RESULT.—A certain citizen of Montrose, it is said, wrote to his agent in London to purchase a ton of copper for him; but the latter being one of the very worst specimens of penmanship, as well as perhaps not very correct in point of orthography, the agent read the order a ton of capers. Surprised at such an order, but nevertheless anxious to oblige his correspondent, he immediately set to work, and bought up the commodity in all quarters till he had the requisite amount. This, as may be conceived, was attended with the very natural effect of creating a demand for capers (in the language of trade, capers came to be inquired after,) and also of rendering them scarce, so that they in consequence rose very much in price. The agent now wrote his correspondent that he had had great difficulty in fulfilling his order, but at last had succeeded in procuring for him a ton of capers; but that capers had since risen very much in price, and if he chose to sell he had now an opportunity of realizing a handsome gain on the transaction. The Montrose citizen, as might be expected, was very much astonished in his turn by the communication, and the manner in which his order had been fulfilled, but had the good sense to write immediately to sell by all means—and thus, it is added, pocketed a considerable sum from an unintentional speculation, and unexpected advantage.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.—"Gentlemen of the jury," said the defendant's attorney, in a suit for debt which recently came off somewhere among the mines of California, "gentlemen of the jury, I want to tell you how this debt was contracted. Here is Mr. Brown, my client, who used to go into the store of Mr. Smith in the evening, after he had done his day's work, and Mr. Smith, knowing he could beat him, would ask him to play cards, and when they were through, and he did beat him, he would charge Mr. Brown with the value of the article they played for—whether it was for the drinks, or a biled shirt, or what not. That's how this debt was contracted. Now, gentlemen of the jury, ought my client to pay it? There he is, 'poor, one-eyed Brown,' a hard-working man, a man who gets his bread by the sweat of his brow; and there is Mr. Smith, picayune Smith, got 'one-eyed Brown' to play cards with him, *slipped up on the blind side of him, and euchred him!*"

COLOR-BLINDNESS.—Color-blindness, or Daltonism, as it is often called, has of late attracted great attention. Sir David Brewster, Dr. George Wilson, Prof. Wartmann, and others have investigated the phenomenon with surprising success; and The North British Review has a paper on the subject, in which it is said: "Till within this few years this affection of the eye was supposed to be confined to a small number of individuals; but it appears from the calculations of various authors, that *one* person out of every *fifteen* is color-blind." According to the experiments made by Dr. Wilson upon 1,154 persons at Edinburgh in 1852-53, *one* person in every *eighteen* had this imperfection.

1 in 55 confound *red* with *green*.
1 in 60 confound *brown* with *green*.
1 in 46 confound *blue* with *green*.

Hence *one* in every 17·9 persons is color-blind.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.—This curious fanatic, and cunning knave has been preaching a sermon on polygamy, in which he promises damnation to all Mormons who deny the plurality of wives. Some of the Mormons, it appears, don't like the plurality system, but prefer but one wife. Brigham says that when Joe Smith first revealed to him that God had ordered and enjoined them to have many wives he felt sorrowful, as he had rather have but one wife. But as it was a religious duty to have many wives, he lost no time in getting them. He says he begins to like it now, as he has a great many boys which he could not have had with but one wife. The old reprobate.

Agricultural.

PRUNING AND CULTURE OF CURRANTS.—No fruit pays better for good culture than the currant, yet none is more generally neglected. As there is likely to be a scarcity of summer fruits this year, owing to the destruction of peach and cherry buds, &c., all who have currant bushes should bestow upon them special attention so as to increase their fruitfulness. Old and neglected bushes should have some of the old branches cut away, so as to give the young shoot a chance to fill their places, and these should be thinned out, if numerous, and shortened if long, so as not to crowd each other. But especially dig out the grass, if any, about the roots, and apply a good dressing of manure and ashes, spading it in; and when the hot weather commences, cover the entire surface under the bushes with tan bark, saw dust, old leaves from the woods, or chip dirt from an old wood pile; this will prevent the growth of weeds, and keep the ground moist, greatly promoting the quantity and quality of the fruit.

Gooseberry bushes should be treated in a similar way, only more attention should be given to pruning, so as to keep the bushes open and the leaves and fruit fully exposed to the air—cutting away half of the last year's shoots, and shortening the rest one half.

Cuttings of gooseberry and currant bushes should be taken off as early as possible, selecting the shoots of the last season's growth, and shortening the tops, say to 8 or 10 inches in length. They may be placed in the cellar, with the butts in the earth or sand, until the ground is fit for planting, then set them in warm sandy soil, about two-thirds of their length in the ground.

BAD EFFECTS OF GRASS ON COLTS.—When horses are turned out to grass in the spring of the year, the succulent nature of the food causes them to purge, often to a great extent; this is considered by many persons a most desirable event—a great misconception. The herbage is overcharged with sap and moisture, of a crude, acrimonious nature, to such an extent that all cannot be taken up by the organs destined for the secretion of urine, or by the absorbent vessels of the body; the superfluous fluid therefore passes off through the intestines with the indigestible particles of food, and thus the watery faces are thrown off. Flatulent colic or gripes is a frequent attendant. The system is deranged; but the mischief does not terminate here. If the purging is continued, a constitutional relaxation of the bowels is established very debilitating to the animal, and often difficult to control. I am so decidedly opposed to unrestricted allowance of luxuriant grass to horses at any age, that nothing could induce me to give it to them. After the second year, hay should form a considerable portion of the daily food in summer to every animal intended for riding or driving. So says the Mark Lane Express, an English agricultural journal of high character.

PROFIT OF POULTRY.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman has kept an account of the profits of his poultry for nine years. He says:—"My poultry I charge with their worth at the commencement of the year, with the food they consume during the year, and the mischief they do about the premises, and credit the eggs they lay and the worth of those killed during the year, with the worth of those I have at the close of the year. Abstract of account:—

Year.	*No.*	*Cost.*	*Worth.*	*Profit.*
1847	—	$17.33	$25 00	$ 8 67
1848	—	20.61	30 87	10 33
1849	—	23.11	45 50	22 43
1850	—	27.00	41 81	14 81
1851	31	30.03	53.10	17 05
1852	60	37.00	68 00	30 00
1853	67	39.43	91 57	52.12
1854	79	36.10	86.00	49 90
1855	70	74.00	82 67	8 58

Gain in nine years, $199.16

"I have no record of the number of hens for the first four years."

METHOD OF CURING BAD TUB BUTTER.—A quantity of tub butter was brought to market in the West Indies, which, on opening, was found to be very bad, and almost stinking. A native of Pennsylvania undertook to cure it, which he did in the following manner: He started the tubs of butter in a large quantity of hot water, which soon melted the butter; he then skimmed it off as clean as possible, and worked it over again in a churn, and with the addition of salt and fine sugar, the butter was made sweet and good again.

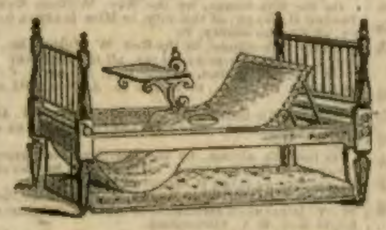
FROSTED PLANTS.—Thaw them gradually, and in the dark. If but a single plant, immerse it in cold water, and set it under the greenhouse stage; if the whole house be frozen, put up the shutters, or throw on mats over the glass and syringe well with cold water. Plants which, under ordinary circumstances, are killed by a degree of frost, can often be recovered from severe injury by this treatment.—*Horticulturist.*

HOW TO WINTER ONE HUNDRED SHEEP ON AN ACRE AND A HALF OF GROUND.—A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer says he does it in this way:—"I take for the purpose nothing more than a common wheat soil; if rich, the growth is apt to be too large. I plough it deeply, harrow well, and about the 20th of June sow two and a half bushels of corn. I used a large variety: plough in with shovel plough, or cultivator, and if weeds try to grow among it, they will get heartily tired of such a sickly life, and try to grow among something else the next time. Leave standing until the leaves get seared and the crop loses weight some; then cradle down when dry, and put in loose shocks, tie at the top with rye straw and leave standing until wanted for feed; it may be fed cut short, or as it is on clean ground. In this way I have wintered one hundred head of sheep without grain, and in good order, on an acre and a half of land. I have not had a better clip of wool, nor lost fewer sheep, nor raised a better crop of lambs, for five years, than I have done this spring.

TO DESTROY VERMIN.—The celebrated Raspail, well known as one of the best French chemists, has given an important recipe for destroying vermin on animals, and also on plants and trees, important, at least, if true. The process he recommends is to make a solution of aloes—a quarter of an ounce of that gum to two pints of water, and, by means of a large brush, to wash over the trunks and branches of trees with this solution. This simple process, says Raspail, will speedily destroy all the vermin on the trees, and will effectually prevent others from approaching. In order to clear sheep and animals with long hair, they must be bathed with the solution, or be well washed with it. Raspail mentions several trials he has made with the mixture, all of which have been attended with the most complete success, and he recommends it very strongly to general use.

HOW TO MAKE BUTTER COME.—I sympathize with an "Old Subscriber," in his inquiry—Why will not butter come? I have gone through the same experience, some years past; but for three or four years past, we have adopted the plan of heating the milk in a tin pan, when first brought in, so hot that a bright scum is all over the surface; then set it in pans, as full as you please to have them, for the cream to rise. Skim as you choose, either before or after souring, and churn in the usual way—(we have Kendal's churn.) We hope to set the milk where it will not freeze, but this winter it has in a few instances, frozen some. We have, however, no difficulty in having the butter come, and a rich looking sweet butter, that does not resemble the old fashioned winter butter that is exhibited in our shops.—A SARATOGA COUNTY FARMER, in *Country Gentleman.*

PROFITS OF FRUIT-GROWING.—At the recent meeting of the fruit-growers of Western New York, held at Rochester, it was the universal testimony, that the product of apples is more remunerative than any other crop raised in that section. Several testified to the realization of from $100 to $150 per acre for apples. A gentleman from Oswego said that it was the estimate of the fruit committee in that county, that one acre devoted to fruit was equal to twelve with any other crop.



THE INVALID BEDSTEAD.

For the benefit of our readers in general, and of invalids in particular, we call attention to the above quite ingenious invention. The object was to furnish a bedstead adapted to all the wants of the sick-room. There is a sack-bottom, laced to the rail as is seen in the cut—and the frame is so constructed that it can be turned into an easy seat, at any required inclination, without removing the invalid. The bed can be lowered to the floor by a crank for the purposes of its ventilation, removal, &c., and the invalid be left upon the sacking—while the sheets can be changed by means of a roller with great facility. To cases of confinement, and to surgical operations, it also will be found well adapted. But it requires a personal examination in order to display all its conveniences. It is recommended by Drs. Mott and Parker, of N. Y., Dr. Warner of Boston, &c. The price of single bedsteads is $15, of double $20. It can be seen at the manufacturer's depot, in the new Masonic Hall, in this city. The patentee and proprietor is Mr. C. D. Van Allen, Baldwinsville, N. Y., of whom State and County rights for the sale may be obtained.

A VALUABLE HINT TO BUILDERS.—The Scientific American publishes the following suggestion from a correspondent, and endorses it as sound and reasonable advice. We venture to say it is worth more than five dollars, to any man who is about to build a house in our cold latitude.

"This cold winter brings to mind a matter connected with the building of houses which I do not remember ever to have seen in print, and which, if generally known, is seldom practiced. It is this, in any cold climate cellar walls of houses should never be filled in around with loam or clay, or earth that retains much moisture, because the frost expands it, and it exerts a great pressure against the walls, tending to thrust them out of position. The effects of this are seen in the many cracked walls; the breaking of window and door sills and lintels; unjointed verandahs; and windows and doors rendered incapable of opening and closing, &c. In our New England States, this costs us many thousands of dollars yearly, all of which may be saved by filling in a few inches of sand or clean gravel next the walls."

CIVIL LIBERTY.—Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites; in proportion as their love to justice is above their rapacity; in proportion as their soundness and sobriety of understanding is above their vanity and presumption; in proportion as they are more disposed to listen to the counsels of the wise and good, in preference to the flattery of knaves. Society cannot exist, unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere; and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free; their passions forge their fetters.—*Burke.*

☞ Cleanliness is carried to a greater length in Holland than in any other country. To keep the cows clean when placed in the barn, their tails are wrapped in brown paper and laid upon a shelf behind them.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 169 letters.
My 26, 12, 23, 13, 1, 7, 30, is a town in Greece.
My 12, 32, 11, 8, 9, 78, 1, 65, 59, 35, 91, 97, 122, 70, 10, 33, 134, 46, 56, 60, 86, 110, 30, is a distinguished poet of the present time.
My 121, 27, 17, 159, 13, 116, 10, 44, 30, 160, was a Grecian Astronomer.
My 4, 129, 102, 117, 91, 127, 31, is a town in Spain.
My 109, 155, 23, 145, a part of speech.
My 75, 70, 96, 169, 11, 25, 48, 63, 6, was one of the ancient Medish Kings.
My 19, 34, 80, was the ancient name for a luminous body.
My 37, 7, 27, 148, 42, 28, 77, 21, 47, 34, 5, an American battle of the war of 1812.
My 25, 30, 74, 29, 99, 15, 146, 41, 128, 39, 60, 127, 31, 73, 51, 144, is a distinguished historian.
My 82, 8, 47, 137, 40, 71, 163, 119, 124, 98, 66, 117, distinguished for a celebrated battle fought there.
My 124, 131, 10, 161, 12, 62, 98, 169, is a Latin noun.
My 94, 138, 92, 130, 6, is a sign in Algebra.
My 103, 62, 55, is an island on the coast of Europe.
My 70, 38, 72, 90, 86, 68, 3, 72, was a distinguished General.
My 3, 63, 53, 107, 78, 146, 119, is a county in Alabama.
My 139, 140, 115, 132, 2, 67, is a figure in geometry.
My 124, 114, 167, 73, 25, 117, is a mark of punctuation.
My 113, 91, 80, 176, 15, 13, 109, 99, 72, 135, 58, 37, is a noted battle of the Mexican war.
My 28, 150, 152, 54, 60, 150, 134, is one of the metals.
My 165, 141, 15, 148, 90, 110, 97, was a celebrated French writer.
My 154, 120, 48, 167, 129, 162, is an animal of the weasel tribe.
My 114, 147, 2, 107, is a river in Italy.
My 40, 19, 112, 40, 7, 14, 2, 39, 99, 117, 164, 88, 28, 155, was a celebrated Spanish discoverer.
My 69, 23, 74, 158, is where many emigrate.
My 94, 7, 96, 104, 144, 109, 123, 7, 136, 124, 72, is a large river.
My 64, 102, 139, 26, 134, 70, 113, 157, is a figure in etymology.
My 79, 1, 81, 84, 95, 14, 146, 142, is distinguished for a celebrated battle fought there.
My 5, 57, 97, 58, 100, 40, 139, 121, 70, 49, is a figure in prosody.
My 77, 90, 73, 163, 118, 4, is a small animal.
My 129, 3, 65, 131, 8, 143, 17, was one of the prophets.
My 135, 101, 147, 153, 126, 124, 2, 102, is an arithmetic term.
My 99, 22, 137, 19, 112, 101, 124, is a town in Denmark.
My whole is an extract from one of Shakspeare's tragedies.
CINROS.

MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 1, 8, 22, 24, 5, 20, 9, is a tumor attacking particularly mucous membranes.
My 2, 11, 19, 18, 20, 7, is a bone of the fore-arm.
My 3, 23, 19, 23, 15, 16, is the synonyme of anasarca.
My 6, 14, 18, surgeons use in making sections of bone.
My 7, 3, 22, 5, 20, 7, is a muscle situate behind the le
My 8, 1, 16, 20, 15, is the inspissated juice of the pop
My 9, 14, 17, 20, 22, 16, is a soft tumor found under t tongue.
My 10, 8, 9, 8, 7, is the basis of boracic acid.
My 11, 14, 9, is an organ of one of the senses.
My 12, 14, 20, 7, 23, 18, denotes sickness, with a deal to vomit.
My 13, 11, 12, 20, 17, 20, 15, is one of the small i testines.
My 14, 15, 14, 20, 9, 8, 6, 16, 8, is an impairment sight, with no perceptible cause.
My 15, 24, 3, 7, 16, 7, implies an unusual contraction the pupil.
My 17, 5, 16, 20, 22, 14, signifies an opaque spot on t cornea.
My 18, 5, 12, is a small encysted tumor.
My 19, 24, 7, 17, 8, 5, 14, is the prominent sympto of asthma.
My 20, 22, 12, 14, is a bone of the arm.
My 21, 20, 8, 24, 11, 17, 20, 15, is one of the chylopoie viscera.
My 23, 17, 14, 15, 23, 22, is that which covers the crow of the teeth.
My 24, 5, 22, 22, 3, 18, is one of the seven colors.
My whole is the name of a gentleman who has attain great skill in medicine and surgery.
Lexington, Ky. J. Z. M. C.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Some animals hide from day,
As if the light were accurst;
Go search out their hiding place,
And it will be my first.

Although my next is very small,
Yet of great value 'tis reckon'd;
And not many in this wide world
Would do without my second.

My third "all men have been,
But the father of our race,"
And my whole is an elegant authoress,
Whose writings are beauty and grace.
Steilonville, Pa. CLINT

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a part of the body,
My second's a habitation!
My whole you should be, in all that you do,
In whatsoever station. GAHMEW

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a taste quite delightful,
My second's a name causing love,
A pronoun my third; my fourth a verb;
My whole is the flower of Jove.
Lexington, Ky. O. L. BRADLE

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two hawks were observed sitting at the extreme en one side of a rectangular lot 180 yards long, one upo ing approached, flew diagonally across, and lit on the posite corner; the other, being pursued, flew also to opposite side, crossing the other's track at right an and lit just 120 yards from the other. Required—area of the lot?
Coatesville, Pa. MAS

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find two numbers whose differ shall be 5, and if 150 be divided by each of them, the ference of the quotients shall also be 5.
Steilonville, Pa. CLIN

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a crusty old maid of fifty, like the beautiful, most accomplished, most elegant and most mired young lady in the city? Ans.—Because matchless.

☞ What word may be pronounced quicker by a syllable to it? Ans.—Quick.

☞ Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder-cla Ans.—Because it is continually light'ning.

☞ When will water stop running down hill? —When it gets to the bottom, sure, you spalpeen!

☞ What is it you must keep after you have giv to another? Ans.—Your word.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Baumcheesurgan lake, in Maine. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—J D. Bright, Madison, Indiana. ACROSTICAL ENIG —The invention of printing. CHARADE.—Man CHARADE.—Ginger-bread. PROBLEM.—65. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—77, 51 and 40 yard

THE DUTIES OF A MOTHER.—She should be —gentle—kind—always ready to attend child. She should never laugh at him—if he does that is cunning—never allow him to of his looks, except to be neat and clean his habits. She should teach him to look—to respect those older than himse should never make a command without see performed in the right manner. Never spe a child's faults or foibles, or repeat his re before him. It is a sure way to spoil a Never reprove a child when excited, nor in tone of voice be raised when correcting.